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OCTOBER 26, 1970

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LETTERS

Fitting Memorial

Sir: Insofar as stability in the Middle East is concerned, it will do little good to solve the plight of the Arab refugees if nothing is done to help the millions of Arab fellahin who live in conditions of poverty, disease and illiteracy even worse, in many cases, than that of the refugees in the camps. Poverty anywhere is deplorable, but in a region beset with billions of dollars of oil, it is criminal.

I can think of no more fitting and lasting memorial to Gamal Abdel Nasser [Oct. 12] than a massive aid plan to improve the lot of the Arab poor who loved him so much.

REBECCA HORN
San Francisco

Sir: The abrupt demise of President Nasser dealt a resounding blow to further efforts to resolve the Middle East crisis. Amid all the tributes paid to this great man were traces of foreboding among the political leaders of the world. The absence of a powerful representative for the Arab nations can only aggravate the already explosive atmosphere in the contiguous region of the Suez. All too often the death of the great statesman produces a plethora of regret not accompanied by equally sincere actions and efforts.

MAISON CHEN
Singapore

Sir: When all has been said about Nasser, history may eventually come round to characterizing him as a "congenital liar" as early as the Suez crisis in 1956. History may even record that, charisma or no, the trail of debacles that marked the "progress" of this kiss-and-stab leader could be followed only by a people whose emotional orientation is permeated with no small measure of masochism.

As for Nasser's ousting of the British from Egypt in the 1950s, it now remains for some more charismatic pharaoh to tackle the sterner task of ejecting the *Tovarischi* from his sophisticated colonialism there in the 1970s.

EZRA S. SOFFER
Ramat Gan, Israel

Existing Rights

Sir: You say [Sept. 28] that "Ideally the Palestinians - would like to turn the clock back to the days before the Balfour Declaration pledged the creation of a Jewish homeland."

Mr. Balfour's letter of Nov. 2, 1917 to Lord Rothschild contained the words: "His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish People . . . it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine."

It will be seen that Mr. Balfour pledged nothing. Nor was he or the government of Great Britain in a position to pledge the creation of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Palestine was never a British colony, territory or possession, though British later administered it in trust for its inhabitants under mandate from the League of Nations.

HERBERT BEST
Sharon, Conn.

Sir: Since 1948, the Palestinian people, who lost their homes and land, have been

virtually powerless to obtain restitution from the Israeli government. The political forces of Zionism (not Judaism) were indeed successful in establishing a national home for a people without a home in what was termed a land without a people.

There were people in Palestine, and these people have tried various methods to gain recognition for their cause. The most recent of these is skyjacking. Unfortunately, this costs someone millions of dollars, and far worse is the cost in human suffering and lives. There must, however, come a time when the world community examines the factors that prompt the Palestinians to take such violent measures.

MARY NEZNEK
Manhattan, N.Y.

Sir: After World War II, millions of Germans had to leave their homes in territories that became parts of Poland and Russia. Overcrowded West Germany accepted them as equals and gave them a new home.

After the decision of the U.N. to create Israel, the Arab countries started an aggressive war against Israel. The Arabs lost the war, and the Palestinians became refugees. Instead of taking the responsibility for their wrong decision and accepting the refugees as equals in their enormous territories, the Arabs have made them suffer in refugee camps for the past 20 years and have tried to make the world responsible for their difficult life.

The Arab countries certainly have had enough time to solve this refugee problem the same way the West Germans did.

JAKOB S. SCHAEFCHTER, M.D.
Webster, N.Y.

Overkilled Overskilled

Sir: "The Agony of the Overskilled Man" [Oct. 5] is all too real. Perhaps I am one of the lucky ones since I am working in another job, in a very different business and I expect and plan not to return to aerospace work. There are probably not going to be any more new, large aerospace contracts, and Ph.D. or not, the specialists will have to find something else.

I agree that "Educated manpower is one of the most important resources of an industrial nation, and it should not be wasted." Unfortunately, it is not only being wasted, it is being destroyed. I worry about my former industry, which I know from 20 years' working experience, preceded by education, preceded by hobby, for a total of 30 years. I worry about the safety and well-being of my country in the event that the need for this industry reappears. Where will the educated manpower be then? Will there be any real capability? I do not know; I do not think anybody knows.

HENRY S. BEERS JR.
Huntington, N.Y.

Sir: It is indeed tragic that these highly educated men in the aerospace industry cannot find employment commensurate with their training, but this is a situation faced by every woman whose education did not end with a high school diploma. Educated womanpower has always been our most unused resource. It is not only wasted but totally ignored.

(MRS.) ROMA EISENSTARK
Manhattan, Kans.

Sir: Aerospace engineers, typically a very conservative group, are going to gain a li-

tle lesson in soul. As a laid-off, unemployed aerospace, I know.

ROBERT C. HADLICH JR.
Hastings, Minn.

Here's to Fox Power

Sir: Bravo for the Fox, whoever he may be [Oct. 5]. His one-man antipollution campaign has gone unheralded far too long. Now, however, a group of civic-minded Kane County residents have united to support his efforts by distributing bumper stickers that read: GO FOX—STOP POLLUTION!

JIM SCHNEIDER
Batavia, Ill.

Sir: Years ago on the farm, in order to get his attention, we'd clobber our jacks over the head with a two-by-four. Similarly, the Fox may soon get the attention of stubborn corporate executives whose factories contaminate our environment.

Perhaps militant conservatism will provide the needed solution to the pollution problem.

REGINALD BOLICH
LaPorte, Texas

Sir: At long last a hero for those of us over 30. You know, I am sure, a "antipollution nut." A very strange breed of people who for some unknown reason prefer clear blue skies and crystal-clear water to smog and muck. May the Fox have a long and successful career.

(MRS.) BARBARA JORGENSEN
Gig Harbor, Wash.

Sir: Actions, in this case, speak much louder than words.

MRS. JERRY R. POMPE
St. Paul, Minn.

Potential for Discovery

Sir: Thank you very much for your article "Mysticism in the Laboratory," [Oct. 5] with Researcher Clare Mead's articulate account of her experience. With each such article, more people become aware of the enormous potential for growth and discovery that the "built-in contact point" affords.

We share Drs. Masters' and Houston's view that religious institutions are disintegrating, and rather than share that fate, we have centered our worship around the very same meditative inner contact in finding the very same revelations that Mrs. Mead did. We too have been accused of all manner of unpleasant things by the more conservative of my colleagues, but their congregations dwindle while ours grows.

(THE REV.) HOYT S. GRIFFITH JR.
First Church of Christ, Esoteric
Seattle

Sir: Risking the wrath of TIME Religion Researcher Clare Mead, may an agnostic ask if she realizes that the profound mystical experience of her "inner odyssey" religious "trip" was neither new nor religious? It was just plain, good, old-fashioned hypnosis.

REGIS RUPPERT
Pittsburgh

Sir: I have just read Clare Mead's account of her experience in mystical introspection. I was immediately struck by the amazing parallel with Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem *Renascence*. The imagery and the intensity of involvement in

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A PREFACE TO MORALS
by *Walter Lippmann*

Critic Edmund Wilson hailed this work when it was published in 1929, calling it "beautifully organized, beautifully clear." In *A Preface to Morals*, this famed columnist wrestled with an important question: that while democracy was necessary to the good life, it was not sufficient. The heart of the problem is modern man's loss of faith. In his introduction to *A Preface to Morals*, philosopher Sidney Hook evaluates the book as a "simple but noble work with a profound central insight."

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—Millard E. Gladfelter
Chancellor
Temple University

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—Victor P. Hays, Book Edition
Omaha World-Herald



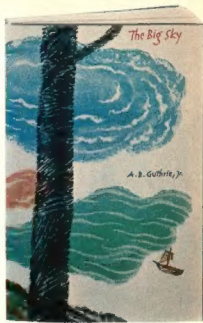
MEMENTO MORI
by Muriel Spark

The theme of *Memento Mori* (the Latin words mean "remember that thou must die") is old age. It's a witty, unsparingly observant and astonishingly perceptive book about people in their seventies and eighties. *Memento Mori* has been described as "flawless," "malevolent," "macabre" and "funny and stirring." Muriel Spark is also the author of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, and her work has been admired by Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene and other distinguished novelists. She is a startling and highly original writer.



EASTERN APPROACHES
by Fitzroy Maclean

By pen, sword and diplomatic pouch, Maclean, an undercover agent for the British Foreign Office, helped shape some of the most significant events of our era. Maclean's exploits include deviling Rommel's Afrika Korps, eluding the N.K.V.D. and parachuting into Nazi-held Yugoslavia. Yet, whether he is discussing the Stalinist terror of the 30's or the German Wehrmacht's operations in Yugoslavia, he writes with a style and perception that marks him as an exceptional storyteller.



THE BIG SKY
by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

When *The Big Sky* was published in 1947, reviewers felt that for the first time, a novelist had captured the feeling of the Rockies. In *The Big Sky* the mountains emerge in all their majesty, and the people in all their humanity—hardened, cold and brutal, with their heroism hidden in tedious, dirty, dangerous or even squalid events. In addition to its being a genuine historical novel, *The Big Sky* is a searching and perceptive psychological study of its central character, Boone Caudill.

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the miseries of others are almost totally identical. The experience of rebirth at the end of Miss Mead's "odyssey" recalls Miss Millay's famous verses at the end of her long poem

MARGARET MILLIGAN
Los Angeles

Free for All

Sir: Your appraisal of medicine in the Soviet Union (Oct. 5) is misleading in its references to "free medical system," "free annual checkups," and "free and highly accessible."

Whether such a massive system is paid for directly by the users or indirectly by them through taxation or deprivation of consumer goods the people are paying for it, and accordingly it cannot be considered free.

This fact should be made extremely clear, especially now, as debate over a U.S. national health insurance system begins.

JOSEPH J. WESS JR.
Dallas

Sir: The important thing to remember about medicine in the Soviet Union is that it is free.

When I was sick, the doctor took a home call at no charge, and the fee when I had mild diarrhea, the medicine cost 6¢. It worked.

MICHAEL E. TSCHIEKAR
Sacramento, Calif.

Sir: In 1953, during Stalin's last illness, Soviet doctors reported officially that Big Brother was being submitted to leeches be-

sides other therapeutic means no less chaotic. We could ask then if their intention was to cure or to kill the patient. They were in earnest.

Seventeen years later a patient of mine strong enough to survive anything told me having just arrived from Moscow that last winter my Russian colleagues found nothing better for her pneumonia than syrups, poultices and those Jack-of-all-trades of Soviet medicine—leeches.

WALTER BENEVIDES, M.D.
Secretary-General
Confederacao Latinoamericana
de Otorrinolaingologia
Rio de Janeiro

The Pentagon's Cup

Sir: Why don't you let the Pentagon run the America's Cup (Oct. 5) so that Australia can get its hands on the bloody thing and let the New York Yacht Club and the A.C. New York.

RAY SINGULAR-WOOD
Mildura, Australia

Original Cost

Sir: Re the 20th Century-Fox epic of the attack on Pearl Harbor (*For the Love of the King*, Oct. 5), I'll make you a bet that the original cast pulled off the attack for a lot less than \$25 million. Oh well, you can't win them all.

WILLIAM F. KRIVOHAVEK
Fresno, Calif.

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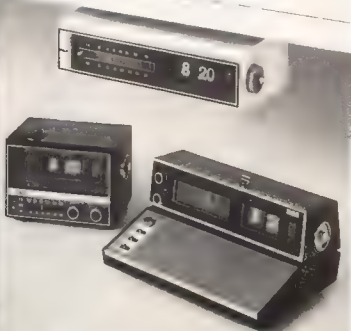
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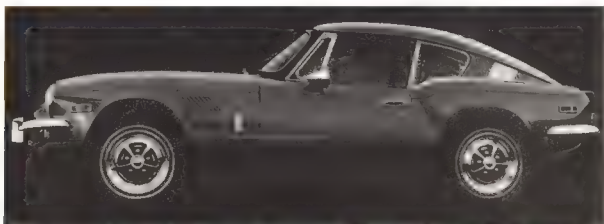
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
October 26, 1970 Vol. 96, No. 17

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Tribal Turmoil—Elsewhere

There has been no global bloodletting in the years since World War II, but—as most as if by some law of compensation—internal strife has risen to an extraordinary degree. Old claims and ancient grievances, seemingly long forgotten in modern nation-states, flared up with greater virulence than ever.

Constitutional guarantees of civil rights were suspended in Canada last week after French separatists kidnapped a priest to dramatize their claim for sovereignty. The southern tip of Italy barricaded itself against the rest of the country to assert a historical fealty to its traditional capital. Northern Ireland continued to smolder among its centuries-old religious hatreds. These and countless other atavistic conflicts are now waged with the newest weapons.

By comparison last week, the U.S. seemed peaceful despite its own recent bitter past of violence. The strife elsewhere was a reminder that America's special gift, and the nation's very meaning, is bound up with an ability to subdue tribal turmoil and to homogenize (if not harmonize) a diverse society.

Birthday Without Candles

Concerts at the United Nations often include Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, which ends with the choral affirmation of Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. "All mankind shall be brothers..." The U.N. was founded 25 years ago on that dream. Disillusionment over its failure to achieve this goal has become a permanent feeling, like a chronic toothache.

MONTREAL UNDER MARTIAL LAW



BALTIMORE WIVES HIDING FROM THE GAME

With all of their plays, they must have done something right.



MR. & MRS. DAVE McNALLY



MRS. JIM MCGLOTHLIN

Sometimes the disenchantment appears by indirection. In the U.N. anniversary week, that reality was made evident by one of the oldest diplomatic devices—a protocol snub. On the final evening of the eleven-day anniversary observance, President Nixon is pinching the visiting U.N. heads of state for a White House dinner. At any rate, when Zubin Mehta conducts the *Ninth*, Schiller's prophecy will still be unfulfilled.

Death of a Newsboy

From the time of the colonists, an American's reaction to hearing strange noises in the night has often been to reach for a gun. Every year since John F. Kennedy's assassination with a mail-order rifle, gun-control proponents have trooped to Congress to tick off the toll of an overarmed people overreacting. In a Washington suburb last week, the death of a junior high student delivering newspapers brought the statistics to life. A single blast from a shotgun pointed at the predawn shadows killed 13-year-old Todd McKinney. The college student who shot him thought Todd's footsteps might belong to a prowler making a fifth attempt to tamper with the family's 1964 Comet. McKinney had planned to contribute his October earnings to the re-election campaign of Senator Joseph Tydings—because Tydings has been an outspoken champion of tighter gun laws.

Series of Superstitions

Aside from an occasional interruption for an "Are you nervous?" interview by a television announcer, the wives of World Series ballplayers are left to their own devices during the games. Those devices, despite strong disavowals of superstition, are varied and weird. Wives whose teams are on winning streaks usually wear the same dress, hat, earrings and rings as long as the charm lasts.

What worked for the Baltimore women, though, was no help to the Cincinnati wives. They knew that nothing is worse than a loving outfit. Mrs. Jim McGlothlin polished her fingernails just before going to the ballpark, then proceeded to peel off the polish as an antidote to nail biting. It is a ploy that Merle Hendricks, wife of Oriole Catcher Elrod, could have used, she gnawed her nails throughout the Series. Oriole Pitcher Dave McNally got one kiss good bye and one kiss for good luck on the day he pitched. Should McNally have felt more amorous, it would have been to no avail: two is the limit. Strangest of all were the wives who deliberately didn't watch parts of the game. Twice the Orioles scored while one of the wives was away from her seat. After that, a contingent of Oriole spouses absent themselves every time Baltimore was at bat. They must have been doing something right.

The Republican Assault on the Senate

Fatfully, Richard Nixon slumbers. In dream review, his White House predecessors flicker past. There is Woodrow Wilson, railing against the Senate's "little group of willful men." He dissolves to Andrew Jackson, censured by the Senate for removing deposits from the Bank of the United States without authority. F.D.R., his aplomb punctured by a Senate that thwarted his attempt to pack the Supreme Court, snaps in and out of focus. Finally Lyndon Johnson hounded from office amid the taunts of Senate doves, looms up.

President Nixon tosses, turns. The pantheon of the past retreats. Now it is 1971. From his Oval Office, Nixon sends to the Senate the nomination of a Mississippi judge for the Supreme Court. Zap! Confirmed. He asks \$10 billion for an expanded ABM system. Pow! Appropriated. He proposes cuts in school funds. Chop! Done. In one corner of his dream stands a forlorn J. William Fulbright, talking while no one listens. With other prickly Democratic Senate oligarchs, Fulbright has been toppled by a Republican capture of the Senate. In a far recess of the Senate chamber a vestigial cluster of radical-liberals cowers as a troglodytic terrorizer in tailored tux cracks a whip over their heads. At last the President slips into the sleep of serenity and contentment.

IF asleep he may dream his Improbable. Dream the waking Richard Nixon is increasingly unsparing of himself, his Vice President, his Cabinet and the enormous, varied and subtle resources of his office. Coming down the stretch to ward Nov. 3 and the 1970 election, the President has taken active as well as strategic command of the campaign he began outlining more than a year ago. Nixon has found the liberal Senate to be his most embarrassing and implacable opponent; on one issue and appointment after another, the Senate has plagued his policies and thwarted his choices. Thus while 33 governorships are up for grabs as well as all 435 seats in the House of Representatives, it is the battle for the 35 Senate seats being contested this year that matters to Nixon.

The White House can exert minimal influence on gubernatorial races. Nor do the Republicans expect to do more than hold their own in the House of Representatives, where they have 188 seats to 243 for the Democrats (there are four vacancies). More than 90% of House incumbents who seek re-election, following recent patterns, can be expected to win, traditionally the President's party loses seats in the House in off-year elections. So as G.O.P. National Chairman Rogers C.B. Morton says, "This year the name of the game is the Senate."

It is the costliest senatorial election in the nation's history, estimated out-

lay, \$65 million), one of the most bitterly fought and from all appearances likely to be the closest since 1954, when Democrats won control by a single vote.

As of last week, Nixon had already committed himself to go stumping in 21 states. This schedule constitutes the most extensive effort any President has ever undertaken in an off-year election. Flying out of Washington on Air Force One, Nixon hopped through Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin in just one day. And in a frenetic Saturday-through-Tuesday extended weekend he also was due at rallies in Ohio, North Dakota, Missouri, Indiana, Tennessee and North Carolina.

At every stop, Nixon pushed forward Republican candidates, lifted their hands high for TV and newspaper cameras and insisted that they must be elected to help him achieve "a generation of peace" and rid the nation of violence. He talked of the anticrime bill he had signed earlier in the week, designed to help federal authorities attack racketeers and political terrorists. He turned defensive only on the economy, the issue on which his Administration is most vulnerable. (SEE BUSINESS)

Although the weather for Nixon's forays turned unexpectedly frigid, his welcomes were warm. The inevitable hecklers sometimes attempted to disrupt the proceedings. A group in Burlington, Vt., chanted "Stop the war," while someone hurled a few rocks at him; one narrowly missing his head. As elsewhere, Nixon praised the G.O.P. senatorial candidate—Winston Prouty in this case—as a man who had supported him on all the major issues. "A shift of one Senator sometimes two, will determine whether the President's program goes through," he said. "Give us that majority of one."

The Nixon drive is bold and risky, since he is putting his prestige on the line in states where Republicans seem likely to lose, as well as in states where his presence could make him a winner. He is plunging into Wisconsin where Democratic Senator William Proxmire seems certain of re-election, and into Minnesota where his old foe Hubert Humphrey is running far ahead of Congressman Clark MacGregor.

Looking Toward 1972

Along the way Nixon is aiding gubernatorial and congressional candidates in a bid to strengthen his party at its grass roots. It is a tactic that has paid off handsomely for him before. As a private citizen in 1966, he visited 35 states to support 86 G.O.P. candidates—and the party remembered that at its 1968 convention, as it will again in 1972.

Nixon undoubtedly also had 1972 in mind last week when he vetoed a bill that would have lifted equal-time provisions for TV networks, making de-

bates among presidential candidates more likely, and would have limited campaign expenditures for TV and radio. The G.O.P. has more money to spend on such advertising, and the National Committee for an Effective Congress called the veto a "flagrant example of partisan interests." Yet most of the crowds that Nixon addressed seemed pleased by his partisanship.

For the first month of the Republican campaign, Agnew led the way, swinging a verbal mace with a ferocity that has not been seen in off-year elections since 1954 when Nixon came out swinging low for Eisenhower. Now, as then, some wondered if the Vice President was perhaps exceeding his mandate. Agnew had a few words to say about that last



NIXON & NEWARK MAYOR KENNETH GIBSON



week: "Now let me just make one thing clear: As the Vice President in the Nixon Administration, I'm not on a frolic. I'm out here doing a job for the Administration, and while everything I say does not receive the express clearance of the President, I have a sense of purpose and definition in what I'm attempting to accomplish."

Early on, Agnew gave his own definition of the contest: "One issue dominates this election: Will the radical-liberalism that controls the Senate of the United States prevail in the nation? Or will America be led into the future by the moderates, centrists and conservatives who stand behind the President of the United States?"

Agnew's glib and misleading linkage of liberals with radicals, his equally glib identification of conservatism with the center has a clear meaning. It illustrates the fact that the battle is not



NIXON WITH MISS VERMONT



CAMPAIGNING WITH NEW JERSEY SENATE CANDIDATE NELSON GROSS

only political but ideological. Political control of the Senate goes by party label. If a majority of Senators call themselves Republicans, that party controls the committees and thus the power to dam or release the flow of legislation, to schedule or not to schedule hearings, to act or not to act. With political control, conservatives and liberals of the same party are drawn together in common cause.

Much as he thirsts for political control, the President's overriding aim is for an ideological majority. Hence the incessant cry that the Senate needs rescue from radical liberals. Southern conservative Democratic Senators are not fired upon; Republican liberals have pointedly been excluded from the Administration's campaign roles.

By chance, only one fully accredited Republican liberal—New York's Charles Goodell—is seeking re-election

this year. Through Agnew, who has attacked Goodell and raised funds for his Conservative Party opponent, the President has made clear his willingness to sacrifice a card-carrying Republican for someone more ideologically in tune with the Administration. Apart from Goodell, the insistence on ideological purity has greater practical significance for the future. Such Republican liberals as Charles Percy, Mark Hatfield and Edward Brooke, whose terms expire in 1973, undoubtedly perceive the warning signal. If necessary, Nixon is prepared to sacrifice even Republican liberals to alter the character of the Senate. Conservative Robert Dole of Kansas does nothing to allay such apprehensions when he says, "The liberals in the Senate are still important, but they're not the key votes." Then Dole muses, "If we get more conservatives, we wouldn't need them as bad."

To understand the Senate's present role, it is necessary to go back to the waning years of the Eisenhower era, when the Senate "class of 1958" was elected on a wave of recession discontent. The class contained a cadre of liberal Democrats, many from conservative states, who tilted the overall ideological cast of the Senate to the liberal side. They were returned in the Goldwater debacle of 1964, and for twelve years they have in the main, cast their votes for Medicare, civil rights, voting rights, federal aid to education, increased minimum wages, the war on poverty, the nuclear test-ban treaty, the Peace Corps, federal rent subsidies, open housing. They provided the votes that enabled Lyndon Johnson to sav with less hyperbole than he regularly employed, that the Congress of 1964 "met more national needs . . . than any other session of this century or the last."

Most of the liberals later turned against Johnson for his Viet Nam policies, and they have not let up on Nixon. They were outraged at the invasion of Cambodia, led moves to fix a firm with drawal date for U.S. troops in Indochina, opposed the anti ballistic missile system (which survived in the 1969 Senate by only one vote), rejected Nixon Supreme Court Nominees Clement Haynsworth Jr. and G. Harrold Carswell.

The Nature of Combat

The issues this year do not turn on specific legislation, but on the worries and fears that roil the national temper. Viet Nam remains the No. 1 concern of Americans, but so successfully has the President neutralized it as an issue that candidates are seldom even questioned about the war as they move around campaigning. The Republicans have put the emphasis of their attack on the themes most explicitly propounded by Agnew: that the permissive attitudes of radical liberals have led to a youth revolution, slackening moral standards, disrespect for order, rocketing rates of crime and dope use. The radical libs, says Agnew, have

made the public aware of the deficiencies in America rather than the deficiencies in these [troublemaking] individuals. By rationalizing crime and violence and attributing it to lofty causes, they have contributed to it. These people allow martyrs to be created where in fact criminals are present." The Democrats have made their central charge the economy, blaming the Republicans for recession and unemployment.

Thus both campaigns seek to make each Senate race part of a national referendum. The labels do not adhere readily; nearly all Senators and many of their challengers are strong figures in their states. To a large extent, they are engaged in man-to-man personality contests. Their issues are less dependent on national issues and partisan positions than are House elections, where the antagonists are usually less well known, and a voter is more likely to vote party.

Both sides are unsure of how the



TENNESSEE'S GORE



TENNESSEE'S BROCK



OHIO'S TAFT



OHIO'S METZENBAUM



ILLINOIS SMITH & STEVENSON

campaign is going, and both are running scared. A Republican Senator who insists that his party was well on the way to winning the Senate a few months ago now laments: "It's no longer true." He believes that the radio-lib theme was overplayed. Democrats, scurrying to the center like frightened rabbits under Agnew's tongue-lashings, are not so certain. Adlai Stevenson III, running for the Illinois Senate seat of the late Everett Dirksen, now wears an American-flag pin, plumps for increased pay for police (whom he described after the Chicago convention as "storm troopers in blue") and regularly recounts his own combat service in Korea. Hubert Humphrey and Edward Kennedy berate terrorism. Two major anticrime bills with patently unconstitutional features were whooped through the Senate with hardly a liberal nay.

The Senate this year is vulnerable to Republican designs. Twenty-five Democratic seats, compared to only ten held by Republicans, must be defended. To assume political control, the Republicans must win 17 of the 15 races, for a net gain of seven seats, to offset the current 57-41 Democratic advantage. That would divide the chamber evenly, allowing Spiro Agnew, as presiding officer of the Senate to cast the tie-breaking vote. But to win ideological control of the Senate, Republicans need make only a net gain of four additional conservative seats. Though Republicans would be unable to organize the Senate with a four-seat gain, they could make common cause with the 19 conservatives in the Democratic Party; thus there would be enough conservatives at hand to fashion victories on most ideological issues.

Not all 25 Democratic incumbents are likely targets. At least a dozen Democrats are presumably invincible, including three presidential prospects: Maine's Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey in Minnesota, Edward Kennedy in Massachusetts. Also on the untouchable list are Montana's Mike Mansfield, the Senate Democratic leader, West Virginia's Robert Byrd, Wisconsin's William Proxmire, Rhode Island's John Pastore, Washington's Henry Jackson, Missouri's Stuart Symington, Mississippi's John Stennis, Michigan's Phil Hart and Virginia's Harry Byrd Jr., who is running as an "independent Democrat."

On the other side of the chamber, Republicans consider safe six of the ten seats they are defending: those of Minority Leader Hugh Scott in Pennsylvania, Roman Hruska in Nebraska, Ted Stevens in Alaska, Hiram Fong in Hawaii, Paul Fannin in Arizona, and the Delaware seat of retiring Senator John Williams, which Representative William Roth is expected to win.

Since Democratic victories seem reasonably certain in Maryland and Wyoming, there remain 15 battleground states where the struggle for control of the Senate will be decided. Of that number, from the sheer force of the personalities involved, the intensity of the bloodletting, and the unpredictability of the outcome, the following seven are the races attracting the most interest and the greatest expenditure of energy and cash.

TENNESSEE If any Senator comes close to being as nettlesome to the Administration as Arkansas' Fulbright, it is Tennessee's white-thatched, three-term Democratic Senator Albert Gore. A year ago, Spiro Agnew told gleeful Tennessee Republicans he would be back to help ensure Gore's defeat. It seemed an easy enough task. Gore was hampered by a very liberal voting record, prolonged absences from the state, a dovish stance on the war; close ties to Fulbright, Ted Kennedy and Indiana's Birch Bayh, the architect of the Hayworth and Carsewell vetoes. Thus Gore seemed to have set the stage for his own defeat.

To finish him off, Nixon chose a clean-cut, young (39) heir to a candy-making fortune, Bill Brock. A three-term Republican Congressman, Brock won 75% of the GOP primary vote over Country Singer Tex Ritter, while Gore, 62, barely turned back a political novice in his own primary, winning only 51% of the vote. The low-keved Brock, well-organized and generously financed, needles Gore as "the third Senator from Massachusetts" for raising campaign funds at a Kennedy cocktail party in Virginia, and for a "cut-and-run" policy that would tie Nixon's hands on the war. In a state that cast 71.8% of its 1968 vote for Nixon and George Wallace, Brock looked like a shoo-in.

He still looks like a winner, but no shoo-in. Gore quickly shucked his stuffed shirt image by strumming a fiddle at a country store, playing checkers



NEW YORK'S GOODELL



NEW YORK'S OTTINGER



NEW YORK'S BUCKLEY

In courthouse squares, emphasizing his record as a populist who had fought for Medicare, tax cuts, Social Security, union security. He rode a white horse to dramatize his political purity. When Agnew fulfilled his promise to return, Gore puckishly turned out to welcome him while Brock was tied up in Washington, to the amusement of statewide TV audiences. Brock, meanwhile, has been lackluster. He lost one of his most effective issues when Florida Republicans themselves turned back Carswell in a Senate primary. With solid backing from Nixon and his own impeccable conservative credentials, Brock still leads the polls. "If we win that one," observes a high-ranking Democrat, "we'll win everything."

OHIO In half a dozen states, the right star name on a ballot means a leg up to ward victors. In Ohio, the name is Taft. The candidate who bears it is Representative Robert Taft Jr., son of a Republican Senator, grandson of a Republican President and a likely addition to President Nixon's political and ideological body count in the Senate. As in so many states, Ohio presents the classic political confrontation of 1970: conservative, Administration-liner Taft opposing a liberal, decidedly anti-Nixon Democrat in Howard Metzenbaum.

Taft is Ivy League, Metzenbaum Big Ten. Because a Cleveland tennis club would not admit Jews, Metzenbaum built his own tennis court. Where Taft is reticent, Metzenbaum is outgoing. Each won narrow primary victories over opponents who are now giving them only pro forma support.

Both men have suffered during the campaign from matters beyond their control. His own integrity is unquestioned, but Taft must run on a Republican ticket with three candidates who have been tarnished in a state loan scandal. Though most experts give Taft a slight edge, the candidate himself has wondered privately how many voters, outraged by the Republican scandals, will search out his name—which appears seventh on the ballot—and how many will simply pull the Democratic lever.

Metzenbaum incurred a less serious setback last week when he lost his temper over a question by a radio news-

man. The reporter asked Metzenbaum if he had helped to organize a social sciences school in Cleveland in the '40s that had later been declared Red-tinged. The candidate exploded, shouting, "I don't owe the citizens of the state any explanation!" and hinting that the newsman had been prompted to ask the question by the Ku Klux Klan. The outburst raised a question not of Metzenbaum's patriotism but of his control over his emotions.

If Taft, a slight favorite, wins, he will take over the seat of an anti-Nixon liberal Democrat, Stephen Young, retiring at age 81.

ILLINOIS "If his name was Ralph Smith," fumed Ralph Smith, "he wouldn't be the nominee." His name is not Ralph Smith. It is Adlai Stevenson III and he is the nominee. In Illinois, where his father was Governor before becoming an engaging loser of two presidential campaigns, "Young Adlai" holds a solid lead over Republican Senator Ralph Smith.

The shopworn dynast charge did not energize Stevenson's once listless, now bustling campaign, but other Smith allegations did. On television, Smith commercials featured doomsday music and a sepulchral voice demanding, "What has Adlai got against the Chicago police and the FBI?" Stung, Stevenson counterattacked with un-Stevensonian ferocity. "I would not accuse President Nixon of being soft on crime just because campus violence has risen to a high since he took office."

Smith, who began using his middle name, Tyler, soon after his appointment to the Senate (few Illinoisans could keep in mind who plain Ralph Smith was) is well-financed, gregarious, a more polished platform performer than Stevenson. Nixon and Agnew and twelve Republican Senators have been to Illinois to scrounge dollars and votes for him. Their money harvest has been bountiful. Smith will outspend Stevenson by an estimated 3 to 1.

But Stevenson, supported by powerful Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, a convert to his cause, leads in the polls, running well even in heavily Republican suburbs. Even standing still, a man named Adlai Stevenson is not easy to catch in Illinois. Two weeks before



CALIFORNIA'S MURPHY



CALIFORNIA'S TUNNEY



FLORIDA'S CHILES & CRAMER



BUSH & AGNEW
Guarding his right

Election Day. Adlai III was very much on the move

NEW YORK "I'm a Senator first and a campaigner second," cried New York Republican Charles Goodell last week. The political consensus is that by next January, Goodell will be neither. Boxed in by liberal Democrat Richard Ottinger and Conservative Party Candidate James Buckley, Goodell is running third. His seat is one of four that the Republicans are in grave danger of losing, and the Republicans are doing all possible to ensure the loss. Spiro Agnew has proclaimed Goodell a radio-lib, a category otherwise reserved for liberal Democrats. He compared Goodell's ideological turnaround to a celebrated sex change operation. Goodell, said Agnew, was the "Christine Jorgensen of the Republican Party," a remark that evoked substantial revision and a demand for an apology from Mrs. Jorgensen—which Agnew refused. Though Agnew's assault won some sympathy for Goodell, it more significantly dried up Republican money sources, who got Agnew's message and have turned to Buckley.

Appointed to succeed the assassinated Robert F. Kennedy in 1968, Goodell performed an ideological pirouette—from moderately conservative Congressman to flaming-liberal Senator. The maneuver won little critical acclaim, smacking too much of rank opportunism to appease his broadened constituency.

Goodell fought Nixon on Cambodia, demanded that he fix a deadline for Viet Nam troop withdrawal, voted against Haynsworth and Carswell. When Nixon Aide Murray Chotiner urged New York Republicans to support a candidate who could best work with the Administration, Goodell—and everyone else—knew he did not mean Goodell. Months ago, Nixon reportedly told a Republican Senator, "I hope Ted leaves Charlie alone. He [Goodell] is a disaster, but he's our disaster. I told him to cool it." But no one believes that Agnew or Chotiner would act without at least a wink from the President.

Democrats, who outnumber Repub-

licans in New York, have little reason to abandon their own nominee. Ottinger, as liberal as Goodell, shelled out nearly \$2 million to win the primary, largely with saturation television commercials. His family's fortune (U.S. Plywood) will enable him to do so again—and again. Criticized as a creation of television, Ottinger is countering with 14-hour days of personal appearances to affirm that the flesh and blood are real.

Privately, Ottinger has written off Goodell, turning his campaign artillery instead to his right flank, where Buckley, crew-cut and charming, poses a growing threat. Buckley's well-organized campaign is directed by ex-Goldwater Aide F. Clifton White with advice from Brother Bill U.S. conservatism's most literate paladin. Buckley the candidate softly rakes "the voices of doubt and despair," claims to rap with the Silent Majority, carries the hardhat vote and essential to his Nixon Agnew support—promises to vote with Republicans in organizing the Senate.

By continuing to strum themes suggesting that Buckley supports a rollback of the minimum wage and leveled union security, Ottinger is confident of winning back stray workmen. An Ottinger win over Goodell would reduce Republican political strength in the Senate. Ideologically, it would be a stand-off for Nixon Agnew, but Goodell's political epitaph would cause liberal Republicans, far less aberrant than he, to wonder how often they can stray from the Administration reservation without being read out of the tribe.

CALIFORNIA Gray-haired and raspy-voiced from a successful operation for throat cancer, oldtime Hoosier George Murphy, 68, is trying to dance out of the way of a strong challenge to his bid for a second Senate term by a Democrat named Tunney. If the Tunney were Gene, a contemporary, Murphy could worry less. But it is John, 36-year-old son of the former heavyweight champion, a three-term Congressman who looks, talks and acts like a somehow unaccounted-for Kennedy brother.

In Reagan country, Tunney has tried to neutralize the permissiveness tag that is automatically affixed to every liberal Democrat. Tunney has ridden at night in a police car and he demands that the men in blue be protected from would-be assassins, evoking a

Tunney-come-lately gibe from Spiro Agnew. He also exploits California's rising rate of unemployment, as high as 15% in some job categories, tells laboring men who are satisfied with that to vote for George Murphy. He keeps a generous distance between himself and Reagan's Democratic opponent, Jess Unruh, who now up

pears certain to lose big on Nov. 3.

Murphy stresses "what is good about America," criticizes Tunney's opposition to a bill allowing FBI agents to investigate campus bombings, links his foe to radical-liberal causes and individuals. Still hawkish, Murphy assures his audiences: "The war is going great." Murphy's age is a handicap, as is his admission that he was on Technicolor Inc.'s payroll while serving in the Senate. Head to head, Tunney probably would win. Republicans hope Reagan's ample coattails will drag his old show-biz pul along too.

FLORIDA With regular infusions of wealthy retirees, Florida has taken on an increasingly conservative political coloration. Republicans four years ago captured the statehouse and two years ago elected a Senator. This year a bitter primary fight split the party. Representative William C. Cramer won the nomination over Harrold Carswell and now must face the most engaging new figure to emerge from Florida Democratic ranks in a decade. Lawton Chiles, 40, overcame a lack of financial support in the primary with a 1,000-mile walk through the state. He recently begged Cramer by staging a dollar-a-plate dinner on a night when Cramer supporters were paying as much as \$1,000 per couple to drink cocktails with him. "Ours is a people's campaign," Chiles says mischievously.

In a sense it is. Thousands of voters have seen "Walkin' Lawton" in the flesh clad in khaki pants, light blue shirt, scuffed ankle boots. Not easily tarred by the permissiveness brush, Chiles counters Cramer's tough law-and-order campaign with his own call for a crack-down on bomb nuts.

Cramer, 48 and chubby, argues that "a Republican-controlled Senate is vital to the success of the President's programs." Unless a Nixon visit turns the tide, Chiles is expected to win.

TEXAS "If Bentzen is going to try to go to my right, he's gonna step off the edge of the earth." Thus Republican



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LAKE COUNTRY RED, WHITE AND PINK WINES
ONE FIFTH AND TENTH HALF-BOTTLED SIZES

George Bush last week capsuled the philosophical differences between himself and his opponent, Democrat Lloyd Bentsen. No matter what, Nixon will gain a *simpatico* ideologue from Texas next month.

Such an outcome was assured when Bentsen upset liberal Ralph Yarborough in the primary by linking the incumbent to the Democratic convention riots in Chicago and to campus unrest and permissiveness. Now Bentsen and Bush—expecting the Yarborough support to sit this one out—grope for a major share of the Texas conservative vote. Concedes Bentsen, "I've got to find an issue that will catch fire."

Supported by Lyndon Johnson, former Governor John Connally and most of the Texas Democratic Establishment, Bentsen argues that Texas already has one Republican Senator in Washington, and Nixon has "all the Republicans he deserves." Bush stresses his close relationship with the President, who encouraged him to run, hints that Texas would have a link to White House inner circles if he should win. Neither argument is stirring Texans. Many will be satisfied with whoever wins, and are perfectly content to let it just happen.

Spiro the Imponderable

Of the eight remaining battleground states, Democrats lead the polls, though sometimes marginally, in all but one. Though any or all could be swept aside by the whirlwind of final campaigns, incumbents Frank E. Moss in Utah, Howard Cannon in Nevada, Joseph Montoya in New Mexico, North Dakota's Quentin Burdick and New Jersey's Harrison Williams are currently ahead. So are the Rev. Joseph Duffy, chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, and the Democratic nominee in Connecticut, and former Governor Philip Hoff in Vermont. Only in Indiana do the Republicans now have the edge, where Representative Richard Roudebush has a slight lead over Democratic Incumbent Vance Hartke.

In these key states, as in others, perhaps the major, imponderable of 1970 is Spiro Agnew and the impact of his rock-'em, sock-'em style of campaigning. Republicans are as puzzled as Democrats. In conservative Nevada, Governor Paul Laxalt declares Agnew the most popular politician in the land. But in equally conservative Texas and Wyoming, G.O.P. leaders fear that the Vice President, while generating Republican enthusiasm and dollars, frightens off independents and moderates. For months, New Jersey Republicans have delayed inviting Agnew into the state and were once rumored to have considered capitalizing on his unquestioned fundraising ability by chartering a ship in New York Harbor for his appearance, still keeping him out of the state. Lowell Weicker, running for the Senate in Connecticut, publicly expressed the hope



Vice President Agnew on Agnew

Spiro T. Agnew is both weapon and target in this election year. Last week, between campaign forays, he took time out to discuss this dual role with its problems and rewards, with TIME Correspondents Hugh Downs and John Stock. Seated in his luxurious suite in the Executive Office Building, a white marble bust of Socrates staring over his shoulder the Vice President was tanned from a weekend of tennis in Palm Springs. But he looked and sounded a little weary, and as he spoke, he showed a curious mixture of nearly self-righteous assurance about the accuracy of his charges and an almost sad sense of his own fallibility.

I'm not aware of why I'm so controversial. But when I look back, controversy has followed me. I was controversial in Baltimore County. I was a controversial Governor. A lot of it comes from being in a minority party. You have to be aggressive. It is high-risk politics. I have always played high-risk politics. I guess I always will, and it is a lot more fun and a lot more effective.

I'm not trying for an image. I'm not campaigning for myself. I'm campaigning for others. I'm out taking the message to the people. My role is the same as the one Vice President Nixon played for President Eisenhower. It is a purely political role of being the partisan spokesman for the Administration in an election year.

I don't think people are impressed with histrionics, with wild gesticulating. They come to hear what you say, and I want them to hear the words. I worry about the content, and if the mood sinks me I'll use more alliteration. I also like metaphors. But I don't need gimmicks to get my message across.

I am simply stating what America is all about. I guess it is a holdover from what my father taught me. He had very firm opinions on what was good and what was bad. I guess when you come from another country, like my father did, you sometimes have a better view.

When Agnew was Governor of Maryland he was characterized as a liberal. Has he changed?

Life is a question of emphasis. Really I haven't changed one view since the time I was thought to be a liberal. If the issues under debate today were housing, water pollution and tax re-

form, I would come out with high liberal marks. If the issues yesterday had been violence and disruption and desecrating of the flag, I would have had high conservative marks. When I was Governor, I strongly supported Lyndon Johnson when there was a gubernatorial effort to rally support against the war. It is a matter of where the emphasis is.

I don't think I'm more sacrosanct than any radical-liberal because my philosophy differs. I have never had a head-to-head encounter where the opposition hasn't scored some points. In that debate with the college kids [on the *David Frost Show*], I found out they are really highly motivated. They are not simply looking for publicity. But I don't think they have the depth of experience to speak with such assurance.

Does Agnew like campaigning?

Oh, yeah, it's enjoyable. Particularly since the response is so good. I like the handshaking. I guess it grows on you. I didn't like it as well when I first started out. And it takes a little doing. But when you see me go to those airport fences, it is out of choice more than design.

I have my up points and my down points. I don't know before I start if I'm going to do well. I may feel fine, but I may be down. The first appearances after days off tend to be down. It might take two speeches to get back up. Fatigue can be a factor, especially after too many crises.

I think I can tell you what I like least about campaigning. It is those small periods of time between events that are totally lost, where it is impossible to do anything. A half-hour here, a half-hour there. You do not want to clutter your mind before a speech; you cannot break away to relax. These are lost moments.

What I've noticed most in America is that the people are as friendly and outgoing and warm as we have always been led to believe. We are a homogeneous country. I don't find much sectionalism. There is some of that feeling in the South, but that is understandable, and they are trying to get rid of it. The South has been made a whipping boy too long.

And politically, we are making headway. I can tell by the strength of the response from the other side. You can tell when the target has been hit. If we go by past history, anything better than losing 30 House seats and breaking even in the Senate would mean success.

continued on following page

that Agnew will "choose a major issue in the campaign and discuss it positively" when he campaigns for him.

If the President is victorious in the battle for the Senate, the returns to him and his party will be bountiful. New cogency will attach to Administration arguments that a Silent Majority does exist, and that its march is plainly in the direction in which Nixon wants to lead. Republican moderates in the Senate, sensing the changed political winds, will re-evaluate the wisdom of independent stances on issues as crucial to their President as Supreme Court nominees.

Party leadership in the Senate almost certainly will pass from moderate Hugh Scott, who at 69 probably would be unable to make a sufficiently marked

DEFENSE Toward an Ideal Army

An army in which civilians do the housekeeping chores. A radar technician never washes dishes. A helicopter mechanic never mows the parade grounds. There are no inspections on Saturday mornings to delay enjoyment of a week end pass. No one stands in line for anything for more than 15 minutes. The purpose of each training exercise is explained so clearly that even the most dim-witted recruit gets the point. Above all, each man is a soldier because he wants to be one.

A master sergeant's alcoholic reverie? Not at all. That vision of the future U.S. Army was soberly presented last week by the Pentagon as a realistic

U.S., President Nixon pledged in the 1968 campaign to work toward such a force. Privately, top Pentagon officials have opposed the plan, mainly because they doubt that they could get enough money from Congress to make the Army attractive to the kind of volunteer that a modern, highly mechanized force requires. Many generals still are skeptical, but they are now willing to try.

To make the plan work, Westmoreland said, the current rate of recruitment and re-enlistment must be at least doubled and possibly tripled. This will be difficult without the threat of the draft as an inducement to potential volunteers. At present, the Army figures that only about 40% of its volunteers would have enlisted if they had not feared that they would be drafted anyway.

To overcome volunteers' reluctance, the Pentagon stressed higher pay as a major attraction. A recent pay increase raised the salary of new recruits in all services to \$124.50 a month; Laird proposed that by next January it be jumped again to \$149.40. Kelley suggested that added pay of \$30 to \$150 a month be given to soldiers and Marines who volunteer for the least desirable duties with infantry, artillery or armor units, which normally come under fire in combat. This would be on top of present hostile fire pay.

Better housing, especially for enlisted families and bachelors, who often complain of a lack of privacy, is also promised by the Pentagon. So is an expansion of the Army's many educational programs. The toughest task of all may simply be to make daily military life more enjoyable, without impairing service efficiency or discipline.

Differing Mores. Facing that problem, Westmoreland told a Washington meeting of the Association of the U. S. Army that young men are readily "turned off" by Army exercises that seem to have no "perceivable need." He has already instructed commanders to avoid any make-work assignments, noting that the average age of soldiers in the Army today is less than 23, he conceded that the "social mores" of many of them differ sharply from those of older officers. He suggested that some of these differences can be accommodated by the services. Aides explained that the Army will permit dissent if it does not involve violence or interfere with a soldier's duty, the Army also may become less concerned about how a soldier behaves and dresses when off duty and how he wears his hair.

The cost of making the Army attractive to enough volunteers? Possibly an extra \$8 billion a year, according to Laird's rough guess. Thus there remains a serious question as to whether a volunteer Army would attract enough manpower to back up the U.S.'s worldwide commitments. Why is it being pushed so hard right now? Asked if the timing were political, Melvin Laird could not suppress a smile. "I don't know how you came to that conclusion," he replied



DRAFTEES IN MOVIE "ALICE'S RESTAURANT"
Who wants to be a soldier?

—and sufficiently swift—ideological about-face Democrats, too, will be expected to extend their current scramble for the center to a point somewhat farther to the right. A possible development: a repeat of the 1969 liberal v. conservative fight for the post of Democratic whip. Ted Kennedy, who defeated Russell Long, could easily be toppled by conservative Robert Byrd.

Additionally, Nixon will be strongly catapulted toward a successful reelection bid in 1972. He might then with reason set a new goal of a Republican House of Representatives.

If Republicans gain no ground or even lose some after such a mailed fist assault on the Senate, Nixon may see in the results a suggestion that while America periodically drifts either right or left, it has rarely moved far or fast in either direction. And he will have to resign himself to at least two more years of coexistence with a liberal Senate, made all the more truculent by his efforts to transform it.

goal to be achieved within three years as part of an all-out drive to make the U.S. armed forces consist solely of volunteers. Ideally, Selective Service would be reduced to a stand-by status, its machinery available only in an emergency requiring an unusual mobilization of manpower.

The big guns lined up behind the plan, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird announced that he had ordered all services to begin the "zero draft" campaign immediately. Army Chief of Staff William Westmoreland vowed that "unnecessary irritants and unattractive features of Army life" will be eliminated as quickly as possible; and Laird's top manpower assistant, Roger T. Kelley, spent 90 minutes briefing newsmen on the program.

Pay Inducement. That kind of Pentagon commitment to a volunteer Army represents more of a yielding to political pressures than a solid conviction that the idea is sound. As one means of alleviating antiwar sentiment in the

INVESTIGATIONS

Kent State: Another View

A special Ohio grand jury met quietly for almost a month in a country courthouse to appraise criminal responsibility for last May's rioting and killing at Kent State University. Last week the jury found the National Guard innocent, indicted 25 others and accused the school's administration of surrendering the campus to violent radicals through years of "laxity, overindulgence and permissiveness." The findings brought from Martin Scheuer, whose daughter was one of the dead, the anguished response "I have lost faith in justice in America." Another slain student's father, Bernard Miller, said: "You mean you can get away with murder in this country?"

The legality of the shootings remains an open question, since federal action against some Guardsmen is still possible. But it was clear that some of the jury's key conclusions conflicted in whole or in part with those of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which made an exhaustive investigation of the tragedy, and the President's Commission on Campus Unrest, headed by former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton. In New Haven, Police Chief James Ahern, a member of the Scranton commission, said flatly that the grand jury's findings concerning the Guardsmen were "inconsistent with the facts." On the Kent State campus, students held a peaceful rally and some were raising funds for the defense of those indicted. The names of the accused will not become known until this week, but they are expected to include students and non-student youths alike.

The 15-man special jury, sitting in Ravenna, six miles from the campus, heard more than 100 witnesses, and had available to it both the Scranton and FBI reports. The grand jurors saw what happened this way:

THE MAY 4 DEMONSTRATION A noon rally on the campus common was held despite a ban: orders to disperse were ignored and "caused a violent reaction."

It is obvious that if the order to disperse had been heeded, there would not have been the consequences of that fateful day. Those who acted as participants and agitators are guilty of deliberate, criminal conduct.

By contrast, the Scranton commission's special report on Kent State—which noted that it was avoiding any assessment of guilt in order not to impede criminal investigations—called the decision to disperse the then peaceful rally "a serious error," and the manner in which it was done "disastrous."

THE SHOOTINGS The grand jury was critical of the Guard's commanders at Kent State for placing their men in danger. But of the Guardsmen who actually did the shooting, the jury said: "They fired their weapons in the honest and sincere belief and under circumstances which would have logically caused them to believe that they would suffer se-

rious bodily injury had they not done so. They are not, therefore, subject to criminal prosecution under the laws of this state."

The FBI said that the shootings "were not necessary and not in order"; the Guardsmen were not surrounded and not in real danger.

THE UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION The jury said bluntly, "We find that the major responsibility for the incidents occurring on the Kent State University campus on May 2, 3 and 4 rests clearly with those persons who are charged with the administration of the university." It charged that ineffective policies over a period of years had rendered the university "totally incapable of reacting . . . in any effective manner." The university, the jury found, "can no longer

watched, helpless, as the ROTC building burned, told the commission, "I have never in my 17 years of teaching seen a group of students as threatening, or as arrogant, or as bent on destruction."

THE FUTURE The jury, citing recent meetings at the university, said that "all the conditions that led to the May tragedy still exist." Referring to two Yippie rallies last week, the jury said, "What disturbs us is that any such group of intellectual and social misfits should be afforded the opportunity to disrupt the affairs of a major university to the detriment of the vast majority of students." Radical domination on campus will continue, the jury said, until citizens and the campus community "take a strong stand." The jury added, "The time has come to detach from university society



KENT STATE STUDENTS STAGE PEACEFUL RALLY AFTER GRAND JURY REPORT
A university "totally incapable of reacting in any effective manner."

regulate the activities of either [students or faculty] and is particularly vulnerable to any pressure applied from radical elements."

The Scranton commission, while avoiding direct critical comment on the school's administrators, noted that Kent State President Robert White had been on a trip out of the state during two of the four days of rioting. At the time of the shooting, he was having lunch off campus.

THE FACULTY The grand jury ranged into the classroom in its report, condemning unnamed teachers who "devote entire periods" to urging students to oppose the Government. In one instance, a student who defended the flag was allegedly ridiculed in public by his professor.

The Scranton commission did not address itself to the activities of the minority group of faculty members described by the jury. It did say that teachers did little or nothing to halt the disturbances, although some informally constituted themselves as marshals. One who

those who persist in violent behavior. Expel the troublemakers without fear or favor. Evict from the campus those persons bent on disorder."

The Scranton commission also saw the need to learn from what it called the unnecessary tragedy of Kent State, but it found basic lessons in the events for the Guard as well as for the students and the university. It said: "The actions of some students were violent and criminal and those of some others were dangerous, reckless and irresponsible. The indiscriminate firing of rifles into a crowd of students and the deaths that followed were unnecessary, unwarranted and deplorable."

The grand jury report, according to Special Prosecutor Robert Balyeat, was based on "far more evidence" than that available to the Scranton commission. The jury had reopened not only the specific controversy over the events at Kent State, but also the general debate over the causes and cure of disorders on the nation's campuses.

RADICALS

Enigmatic Angela

Angela in handcuffs remained no less enigmatic than Angela on the lam.

When FBI agents captured Angela Davis in a Manhattan motel last week, it seemed that the denouement of the mystery surrounding the striking, cerebral young radical might be near. Instead, the plot only thickened. Along with Angela, federal agents arrested David Poindexter, a black Chicagoan with known Communist ties. They also introduced another new, if slightly aging, character into the drama—the Communist Party, U.S.A. The result was a baffling mixture of Old Left and New, with Angela the pivotal figure.

Angela was wanted by California authorities for allegedly supplying the guns used by the kidnapers in last summer's bloody Marin County courthouse shootout (TIME, Aug. 24). A onetime member of the Black Panther Party, she often traveled the state raising money and organizing the defense of the Soledad Three, a trio of blacks accused of killing a California prison guard. A frequent companion, Jonathan Jackson, was a leader in the courthouse kidnap attempt.

Although seemingly more of a black militant than a dialectician, Angela never made a secret of her Communist Party membership. She proclaimed it during her recent assistant professorship in philosophy at U.C.L.A., which led the university's board of regents to refuse renewal of her contract last year. Still, when Angela disappeared after the courthouse kidnaping, her Communist affiliation appeared unimportant.

Following her capture, however, the FBI alleged that Angela had been aided and sheltered by Communist Party members during her two months as a fugitive. According to FBI reports, Poindexter was

introduced to Angela through a Communist contact on the West Coast, and agreed to aid her escape. The FBI also has the two turning up at Poindexter's Chicago apartment and in Miami, in Chicago and Miami, the FBI says, they received money from the Communist Party apparatus. Last week John Ahl, a veteran defender of the Communist Party, announced that he was going to take Angela's case. Shortly afterward, during a news conference at Communist Party headquarters in Manhattan, General Secretary Gus Hall said proudly, if by then redundantly, that Angela was indeed a party member.

Subdued. Presumably, Angela's alleged activities would have caused the party acute embarrassment. Last week a top FBI official said that violence and radical activity on campuses across the country are not connected to the Communist Party. And at his press conference, Hall denounced the Weathermen's fall bombing offensive and said he was sure that Angela "would never engage in violence."

Angela appeared subdued, almost timid at her arraignment in federal court on charges of unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for murder and kidnaping in California. She was later turned over to New York authorities to await a hearing next month on extradition to California. Says William Kunstler, a defense attorney in the Chicago conspiracy trial: "She now seems to be torn between the old-line theory and her friendship with black people. Remember, her education is all white-oriented—Brandeis, the Sorbonne, Marcuse." Yet, he adds, "the differences between the party and the movement are irreconcilable. The Communist Party is against the young and their revolutionary activity. She must make a choice."

Clearly, when she fled, Angela made

her first choice. Still, many questions remain unanswered. Why didn't she leave the country? Why did she go to New York, and once there, why did she fail to go underground in the black community? What role, if any, did the Communist Party play in the Marin County shootout?

In Manhattan, gray-haired Communists. Afroed young blacks and a scattering of long-haired whites demonstrated in Angela's support, but some of her sympathizers found their heroine a puzzling and tarnished figure. As one white radical with close ties to the Panthers put it: "Maybe she just wasn't what we thought she was."

New Blacklist

I like an aging roué looking back on haley-on days, the House Un-American Activities Committee has tried to sanitize its image. It changed its name to the House Internal Security Committee in 1969 and made abortive attempts to revive lost vigor (convening hearings on such left-wing groups as the SDS). But last week, in the best oldtime "I have a list" form, the committee released a compilation of "radical" speakers who have spread leftist rhetoric over American campuses during the past two years.

The list was based on questionnaires sent to 179 colleges and universities asking names of all speakers who appeared on campus during the last two years and the fees paid for their lectures. 95 replied. From this information the committee chose the names of 65 affiliated with left-wing organizations, affiliation being determined on the basis of support as well as actual membership. Thus a speaker could make the list, for example, if he had attended a public rally of certain antiwar groups.

Chemist Linus Pauling (twice a Nobel laureate, was on the list described as "affiliated with" the Communist Party); so were Author (*The American Way of Death*) Jessica Mitford (also alleged to be connected with the Communist Party) and Social Critic Nat Hentoff (for affiliation with the Socialist Workers Party, SDS, and the Spring Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam). The list also contained the names of many self-proclaimed radicals, among them Yippie Founder Abbie Hoffman, Pacifist David Dellinger, Black Panther National Chairman Bobby Seale and Black Panther Fred Hampton (although he was slain in a Chicago police raid in December 1969).

Some of those who made the list spoke indignantly, in the words of Nat Hentoff, of "selective repression." Most met inclusion with scorn. Jessica Mitford vowed to "add it to my list of awards and honors in *Who's Who*." One of the more intriguing facts in the report was that the speakers had earned a total of \$108,000 so far in campus lecture fees, showing that radicalism can be profitable. In fact, the blacklisting probably made them still more desirable as campus speakers.



DAVIS IN CUSTODY



POINDEXTER

Two things
tell you much
about a man...

His woman
and his scotch.

Pipers will say much about you.
Pipers Scots' whisky. It's born in the
Highlands of craggy, canny Scots, fiercely
independent men who give their lives
to Pipers and give Pipers its life. They
put their hearts and minds and skills into
every precious drop.

Pipers Scots' whisky, proud bearer
of the Seagram name. Purchase it and
learn the taste of pride.

Pipers

It's made proudly. Drink it that way.





Simulated television reception on all sets.

How to pick the right color television

What to look for in any brand—and why, feature for feature, dollar for dollar, we believe Sears is your best buy.

How good is the color?

How easy is the set to tune?

These are the two main questions to ask about any color television set.

Nearly every new feature you hear about deals with one or the other. But the features are often described in technical language that few people understand.

Sears will explain, in simple language, what these features are all about. Once you know, picking the right set with the right features at the right price is easy.

Color and two Sears advantages.

Today, many brands can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

The difference is that some provide it at the expense of background colors. You'll get people that look like people—but the background colors will be off. Skies will be green. And grass will be blue. Not all the time. Just enough to be annoying.

At Sears, we solved this problem.

We use Automatic Tint Lock. It's new. And a first with Sears. It gives you people that look like people—together with good background colors.

They'll hold true even when you change channels.



On some color TV's people will look okay—but the background colors will be off.



Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—together with good background color.

For viewers who are particularly fussy about color, Sears has an extraordinary feature called Chromix. It allows you to add delicate shades of color you can't get from most other sets.

Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta (purplish red) and green. Chromix adds two more: blue and brown. Four instead of two. For a complete range of colors. Whether or not you use them is up to you, but they're there if you want them.

In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL. Keeps picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over:

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL. Keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER. Gets rid of impurities in the color.

Not all brands have all these features. All Sears sets do.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is most pleasing. You may like the color of a particular set, but someone else may not.

The only way to decide if it's good or bad is to look at it. If the color pleases you, fine. If not, keep shopping.

Thousands of people who come into Sears never go any further. They like Sears color the moment they see it.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

Color television sets are becoming easier and easier to tune.

One reason is that an AFC—automatic fine tuning control—is on most of the better sets.



Sears sets range from less than \$200 to \$900. These are just 6 sets from a huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on. Or flip channels.

Is it necessary? Many people think so. Without it, you would have to fine tune your picture manually. And most people can't do it half as well as the AFC can.

The Sears automatic fine tuner is better than most because it can pick up signals that others miss.

Sears puts AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

Ease of tuning, like color quality, varies from one set to the next. Some brands are more difficult to tune than others.

The only way to know if a particular model is easy to tune is to try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube.

No doubt you'll be reading about the new wide screen picture. What is it?

With it you'll see the entire picture — just as the cameraman sees it. Up to now, part of the picture was cut off at the sides. Now you'll see everything.

Sears has the new wide screen picture on its new 25" (diagonal measure) color television.

The bright picture tube makes whites whiter, making the color picture brighter and clearer.

At Sears we use the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without sacrificing contrast. In other words, without washing out the dark colors.

A bonded etched tube minimizes glare or reflection. You can turn on any light in your room and hardly get a reflection of that light on your TV screen.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. Sears has it in most of their sets.

How good are portables? At Sears, they're as good as consoles.

You'll get just as good color from a portable as you will from a console. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, consoles and portables are basically the same. It's just that everything's more compact in a portable.

Model for model, the only real difference

between a portable and a console, other than cabinetry, is the size of the speaker.



Sears Medalist. America's best-selling color portable.

independent sales survey of portable color television.)

As far as general characteristics go, Sears portables range in screen size from 11 in. (diagonal measure) to 18 in. Weigh anywhere from 38 lbs. to 70 lbs. And start under \$200.

Service and selection. You can't do better than Sears.

Be sure to ask about service before you buy any set.

Not all retailers service the sets they sell. Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

Everytime someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

As far as selection goes, Sears is your best bet.

We've got everything from portables to table models to full-size consoles with the new 25-inch (diagonal measure) wide screen picture. It's the largest available.

What it all boils down to, is that Sears can give you all those things that everyone else makes such a fuss over. Plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you — at any price.

If you like, you can use one of our convenient Sears, Roebuck and Co. credit plans.

With football games and specials coming

up, now is a perfect time to get a color TV. Come into Sears — and we'll help you pick just the right set.

Sears

Our Matchmaker doesn't get emotional about your life insurance needs.

In its quiet, scientific way, our Matchmaker computer service recommends the kind and the amount of life insurance you need and can afford.

Its recommendation is based on data about you compared to the experience of others like you. And on national and industry statistics.

It tells you what you need. But it doesn't let you get carried away. Your State Farm agent offers this Matchmaker service free of any charge or obligation. See him soon.

**It will even
tell you when
enough's enough.**



State Farm is all you need to know about insurance.

STATE FARM LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY in New York and Wisconsin, non-participating life insurance is offered through State Farm Life and Accident Assurance Company. Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois.



PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU



POLICE ARRESTING SUSPECT DURING RAID

Canada: "This Very Sorry Moment"

There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is go and bleed . . . It is more important to keep law and order in society than to be worried about weak-kneed people . . . Society must take every means at its disposal to defend itself against the emergence of a parallel power which defies the elected power.

—Pierre Trudeau

THROUGH the week Canada's Prime Minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, pondered the most difficult decision of his career. On the surface, the threat that confronted Canada, hardly seemed to merit the label "parallel power." Still the terrorists of the minuscule Quebec Liberation Front (F.L.Q.), with about 100 hard-core members, had openly defied the government by kidnapping two high-ranking officials and threatening to execute them. First, Trudeau called out thousands of armed troops to stand guard in major cities. Then, because he feared that the Quebec separatist movement (see box following page) would be significantly strengthened and federalism gravely weakened, he decided to move even more forcefully. At week's end, he declared all-out war on the terrorists.

To combat those who are seeking the destruction of the social order through clandestine and violent means," he invoked Canada's drastic 1914 War Measures Act. Only twice before, during the two world wars, had the act been put in force; it had never been applied in peacetime. Backing up Trudeau's dramatic action was a proclamation by his Cabinet that "insurrection, real or apprehended, exists."

The F.L.Q. evidently saw Trudeau's move as a challenge that could not be ig-

nored. In responding to the challenge the terrorists amply justified the Prime Minister's description of them as "a new and terrifying type of person." Less than two days after the War Measures Act was proclaimed, the terrorists murdered at least one of their hostages and offered little reason to hope for the survival of the other.

Tipped off by an anonymous caller, police were directed to a message from the terrorists declaring: "In the face of the arrogance of the federal government, we have decided to move into action. With the message was a map that led authorities to a parked taxicab in the Montreal suburb of St. Hubert. In the cab's trunk was the blood-covered body of Pierre Laporte, 49, Quebec's Labor Minister. He had been shot in the head. Still missing was James Cross, 49, British Trade Commissioner in Montreal. It was Cross who was first kidnapped two weeks ago when his maid unwittingly let two terrorists into his home, mistaking them for deliverymen. For his release, the terrorists demanded \$500,000 in gold bullion, the freeing of 23 F.L.Q. members from prison, and safe passage for them to Cuba or Algeria. When the government firmly refused to meet the terrorists' terms, the F.L.Q. responded by grabbing Laporte from the lawn of his home.

A Powerful Instrument. Drawn, all most dazed, Trudeau described the execution as a "cowardly assassination" and called on Canadians to "stick to gether in this very sorry moment of our history." The Prime Minister's reaction to the murder is likely to be forceful, to put it mildly, and in the War Measures Act he has an immensely powerful instrument for applying pressure. Under the act, a large segment of the Canadian Bill of Rights is suspended for



LAPORTE



CROSS

up to six months. Police and troops are empowered to make searches, seizures and arrests without warrants, and to hold suspects up to seven days without making charges. The F.L.Q. is formally outlawed. Anyone who attends an F.L.Q. meeting or speaks favorably of the organization is presumed to be a member unless he can prove otherwise—and membership can mean a five-year prison term.

When the act was first put into effect, government forces moved swiftly. All over Quebec, police cars roared through the predawn darkness in search of F.L.Q. members and sympathizers. Nearly 300 people were seized. Among them was a fiery young F.L.Q. sympathizer, Lawyer Robert Lemieux, 29, a sort of Canadian Kunster with a penchant for publicity and overblown rhetoric. Police also discovered several arms caches, including guns, pistols, bayonets and knives. They found no trace of Cross and Laporte, but messages received from both hostages earlier in the week had indicated that they were then alive and safe. "Decide about my life or death," Laporte wrote to Quebec's Premier Robert Bourassa. "I count on you and thank you."

At that point, Trudeau's mind was just about made up. After canceling a ten-day trip to Russia scheduled for



STUDENTS SUPPORTING F.L.Q.



LAWYER ROBERT LEMIEUX

"Insurrection, real or apprehended, exists"

this week, he conferred with opposition leaders, former Prime Ministers' friends and aides in his spacious corner office in the Centre Block of Ottawa's solid gray federal complex. As a lifelong defender of civil liberties, one who helped to legalize homosexuality and broaden the abortion law, Trudeau could not help being disturbed by the draconian powers of the War Measures Act. But there were other considerations. He is a French Canadian from Quebec, but he has always been a staunch federalist, with little sympathy for those who place province over union—and less for those separatists who want to quit the union altogether. Moreover, the government was said to have information that the terrorists' next step would be selective assassination of political leaders. Adding to the urgency was the knowledge that over the past year more than 2,000 lbs. of dynamite—9,000 sticks—had been stolen throughout Quebec and the F.L.Q. was chiefly known for its acts of robbery, arson and bombing.

Sixteen hours after invoking the War Measures Act, Trudeau appeared on nationwide television to explain the move. He delivered perhaps the most effective speech of his career. Referring to the 23 prisoners whose release the F.L.Q. was demanding, he asked: "Who are these men who are held out as latter day patriots and martyrs?" They included, he said, three convicted murderers, five men jailed for manslaughter, one bomber and several robbers.

Turning his attention to the terrorists, he went on: "If a democratic society is to continue to exist, it must be able to root out the cancer of an armed, revolutionary movement that is bent on destroying the very basis of our freedom." He conceded that the War Measures Act conferred "strong powers, and I find them as distasteful as I am sure you do." But he pleaded for understanding. "I appeal to all Canadians not to become so obsessed by what the government has done today in response to terrorism that they forget the opening play in this vicious game

That play was taken by the revolutionaries, they chose to use bombing, murder and kidnapping."

Like a Sledgehammer. Most Canadians seemed to endorse Trudeau's action, but there was evidence that some had forgotten who made the opening play. T.C. Douglas of the socialist New Democrats accused Trudeau of using the War Measures Act like "a sledgehammer to crack a peanut." At colleges and universities in Quebec, some students boycotted classes to protest the War Measures Act.

Laporte's execution is certain to inspire revulsion throughout Canada and the rest of the world toward the terrorists. Trudeau's hand will be immeasurably strengthened as a result, and he has demonstrated that he will not hesitate to use his power. The last play of the week belonged to the terrorists, who by their senseless savagery forfeited what little sympathy they had ever commanded. The next play will be Trudeau's, and it is not likely to be a gentle one.

Two Separatist Strands

THE separatist cause espoused by the Quebec Liberation Front is nothing new either to the province or Canada. The idea of an independent, French-dominated Quebec goes back to 1759, when the British defeated the French on the Plains of Abraham and made Canada a part of the empire. Over the next 200 years, the separatist notion reappeared periodically but never really became a movement.

In the 1960s, however, the idea began to take firm hold. Part of this was due to Charles de Gaulle's fiery brand of French nationalism, which he recommended to Quebecers during a memorable visit in 1967. Partly it was due to nationalistic and ethnic stirrings being felt round the world.

Early in the 1960s, Quebec's Premier Jean Lesage vowed to make Quebecers the *maîtres chez nous* (masters in our own house) within the Federation. By 1968, René Lévesque, once a member of Lesage's Cabinet, helped found the *Parti Québécois*, which demanded political separation from Canada. Last spring, Lévesque's party won 24% of Quebec's vote in provincial elections.

Lévesque and his colleagues are moderates committed to electoral democracy. At the same time that his ideas were gain-

ing prominence a different breed of separatist was developing: disaffected radicals committed to violent action. In 1962, these activists created the Front de Libération du Québec. They systematically began planting bombs in mailboxes, robbing banks, setting fire to government buildings. Kidnaping is their latest weapon. "There is no difference between the F.L.Q. and the liberation movement of Palestine of Viet Nam, of Black Power," says F.L.Q. Leader Charles Gagnon.

Moderate and radical separatists share one goal for Quebec: total political separation from Canada. They complain that in predominantly English-speaking Canada (16,000,000 to 6,000,000 French Canadians) they are no more than second class citizens. Too much wealth, Quebecers complain, is concentrated in English-controlled Ontario, where roughly one-third of Canada's manufacturing industries are situated. There is doubt, however, that Quebec could develop its bountiful natural resources quickly enough to go it alone at any time in the immediate future. Still, as a recent terrorist manifesto put it, "We have had our fill of promises of jobs and prosperity while we always remain the cowering servants and bootlickers of the big shots." The moderates might agree with the sentiment, but their similarity to the terrorists ends at that point. The ballot box may be discouragingly slow, but at least it is not stained with blood.

Italy: No Saints in Paradise

EXCEPT for the unmistakably modern odor of tear gas and burning rubber, the southern Italian city of Reggio di Calabria could have passed for one of the fortified city-states that made up Italy before the nation was unified 100 years ago. For most of the week, towering barricades of tree trunks, paving stones and junk sealed the city off from the outside world while nearly 5,000 armed police and carabinieri laid siege to it. At one point, two columns of cops in full riot regalia, spearheaded by bulldozers and a construction crane, charged into a district that had styled itself an independent "republic": they were hurled back by a hail of bricks, bottles and Molotov cocktails.

As Reggio's rebellion spread and cut off virtually the entire southern fifth of the country, Premier Emilio Colombo ordered troops to cope with a civil disturbance for the first time since 1946. A force of 5,000 uniformed soldiers was moved into the area. For the second time in a tumultuous week, a Western government was compelled to call out its armed forces to face a gathering rebellion.

Citizens' Revolt. The revolt of Reggio began last July, after Rome passed out the political fruits of the new decentralization program. Under the plan, 15 governmental regions were created and given their own administrative councils and a measure of local autonomy. As the biggest city (pop. 160,000) in *sere Calabria*, Reggio seemed the obvious choice for the seat of the new regional government. The Reggio looked forward to the magic that a fat government payroll and payola could work on Reggio's threadbare economy.

When the nod went instead to Catanzaro, a much smaller city (pop. 82,000) 75 miles away, Reggio exploded. There were five days of street violence in July in which one civilian was killed and several policemen were injured. A bitter mood of rebellion grew against "the Bourbons" in Rome. Shopkeepers shuttered their stores and bankers locked their vaults. Schools were closed.

Though the government ordered state-owned TV to carry no news of the insurrection, the revolt steadily picked up steam and sympathy. Two weeks ago, Italy's conservative C.I.S.I. labor union called a general strike in the Reggio area. Port workers, post office clerks and telephone and telegraph employees left their jobs. When railway workers followed last week, the 10 million people in Sicily and the toe of the Italian boot were virtually cut off from the rest of the country. Barricades and wrecked tracks forced trains from the north to halt two hours short of Reggio. The Highway of the Sun, Italy's main north-south *autostrada*, was sealed off. With the port blocked, hundreds of trucks and freight cars stood idle on the other side of the Straits of Messina.

Because Reggio is politically conservative, much of the Italian press reflexively labeled the demonstrators fascists and hooligans. Few fit the description; the revolt has cut across class barriers. As Reggio's aptly named Mayor Piero Battaglia declared, "This is a citizens' revolt."

Street Skirmishes. It has also been a remarkably civil insurrection so far. Fewer than 20 shots have been fired by the rebels, even though there are 30,000 weapons registered in the city. Only a few buildings, among them the town hall and the post office, show the marks of Molotov cocktails. Violence has been mostly limited to sporadic street skirmishes. Though the scuffles have led to hundreds of arrests and minor injuries, only three people have

once the hub of Calabria, but in 1908 a violent earthquake turned much of it to rubble and killed 35,000. The quake also prompted an exodus of provincial offices to lesser cities, weakening Reggio's clout with the *pezzi grossi*—the "big shots"—in Rome.

More recently, in addition to the decision on the regional capital, Reggio has suffered a numbing succession of disappointments. Cosenza, 100 miles from Reggio, got the new University of Calabria. Reggio has not even been able to get lights for its rudimentary airport, but a site near Catanzaro was chosen for a new international airport, and there are persistent rumors that Catanzaro will eventually wind up with a \$240 million state-owned steel mill that was originally promised to Reggio. The Reggio bitterly credit their rivals' success to "the Red Barons" in Rome, a group of influential left-of-center Ca-



RED BARONS' HANGING IN EFFIGY OVER BARRICADED REGGIO STREET
Bitter rebellion against the "pezzi grossi."

died, including one policeman who collapsed from a heart attack.

After three cops were wounded by sniper fire last week, however, Premier Colombo finally decided that he had to do something to assuage the Reggio. Word came from Rome that the June decision on the location of Calabria's government had been only "provisional" and that the matter would be turned over to the Italian parliament for final resolution. When the rebels failed to remove their barricades, Colombo ordered out the troops, as much for economic as political reasons. The prolonged road and rail blockages were beginning to damage the whole country. At week's end bulldozers were clearing the barricades, and troops in armored personnel carriers were opening up road and rail routes to the city.

The wrath of Reggio has been accumulating for decades. The city was

labrian politicians from Cosenza and Catanzaro, including Deputy Prime Minister Giacomo Mancini. Complains Reggio Shipowner Amedeo Malacena: "We have no saints in paradise to speak for us, so we starve."

Though the Reggio revolt has largely been supported by the church and conservative labor unions, it has borrowed heavily from the techniques employed by the left in the *autunno caldo* ("hot autumn") of 1969, when students and workers took to the barricades and braved bloody clashes with police to demand higher wages and social reforms. Now the country may well be in for what is known as *la contestazione generale*—an era of hot seasons in which other Italians, following Reggio's riotous example, increasingly resort to confrontation as a way of achieving goals that are otherwise unattainable in the Byzantine Italian political system.

UNITED NATIONS

A Low-Yield Anniversary

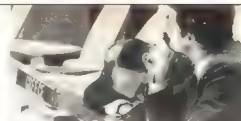
Along Manhattan's East River, a special eleven-day session commemorating the 25th anniversary of the United Nations was just getting under way when the statesmen's words of peace were upstaged by the confrontational sounds of a world still preparing for combat. The discordant notes came from Novaya Zemlya on the Arctic Circle, from Lop Nor in China's Sinkiang province, and from the Nevada desert. For the first time since the nuclear era was born (like the U.N., just 25 years ago), the Soviet Union, Communist China and the U.S. all exploded experimental nuclear weapons on the same day.

As seismographs around the world measured the impact of the closely spaced explosions, the U.N.'s anniversary session was shaping up. Like the U.S. underground test, as a strictly low-yield affair. On the first day, when General Assembly President Edvard Hambro of Norway rose to declare that "the world will be listening to what we say and watching what we do," he stared out over vast expanses of empty seats and delegates of far less stature than had been anticipated.

Domino Dropouts. The disappointing turnout pleased only the swarms of grim-faced FBI men and 8,000 New York police assigned to U.N. security (some of the U.N.'s own 230-man guard force used the occasion to stage a "sick-out" in support of wage demands). In 1960 the 34 world leaders who showed up for the U.N.'s 15th anniversary included such luminaries as Dwight Eisenhower,



DEMONSTRATORS AT U.N.



DELEGATES IN GENERAL ASSEMBLY



CEAUSCESCU IN DISNEYLAND

Nikita Khrushchev, Jawaharlal Nehru and Fidel Castro. The U.N.'s 25th drew leaders of 45 nations, but the list was loaded with little-known names. From the major powers, the only leaders scheduled to show were Richard Nixon and Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath.

East bloc representation suffered from a domino sequence of dropouts. Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin had been known to be anxious to attend the ses-

sion, presumably to add new thrust to Moscow's continuing global "peace offensive." With U.S.-Soviet relations cooling perceptibly over the Middle East, Kosygin canceled his travel plans and dispatched Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko instead. Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia quickly followed suit by dispatching their foreign ministers. That left Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu as the only Eastern

Hits and Misses: A 25-Year Box Score

AFTER a quarter-century, the U.N. survives, but the question remains of how much it accomplishes beyond that Secretary-General U Thant's own assessment is that "the U.N. has done well, but it has not done well enough." Certainly it is no longer a defense of the U.N.'s record merely to recall Adlai Stevenson's remark that if the U.N. were to disappear, something very much like it would have to be created. One of its most useful functions remains as a place for hostile big powers to meet and, if they so desire, to use U.N. machinery to carry out the results of their compromises or deals. The U.N. can no doubt be credited with numerous successes, but its failures have been discouragingly frequent. In the process, it has all too often raised hopes falsely and generated cynicism with its impotence.

Some of the U.N.'s more important hits and misses:

KIPPING THE PEACE: Kashmir, Cyprus and the Congo have all been U.N. successes. In the Middle East, a U.S.-backed General Assembly resolution successfully cooled the Suez crisis of 1956, but that plus was wiped out in 1967. When Cairo demanded that the U.N. pull out its 3,400-man Emergency Force, U Thant swiftly complied rather than try to stall for time. It was one of the more spectacular misjudgments of Thant's flaccid, nine-year stewardship. As a result, Egypt began mobilizing near Israel's borders, and the Six-Day War was on. In the Soviet invasions of Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968, the Nigerian civil war and the war in Indochina, U.N. impact has been nil.

DECOLONIZATION: Again some hits, but a few strikeouts

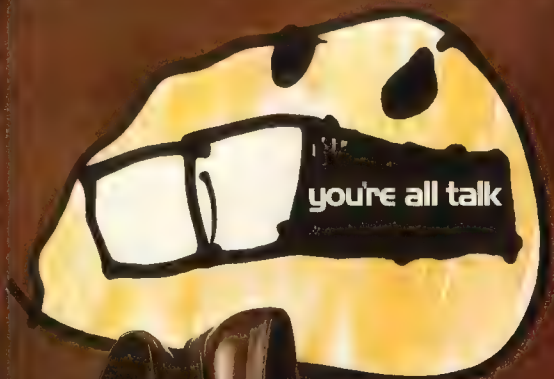
The U.N.'s existence has smoothed the transition of new nations from colonial status to independence. But U.N. condemnations have had no effect on white-minority regimes in Rhodesia and South Africa; Pretoria has ignored resolutions canceling its mandate in South West Africa.

DISARMAMENT: Though the U.N.'s Geneva Disarmament Committee has sponsored treaties on the peaceful uses of the seabed and outer space, the major milestones of arms control—the Limited Nuclear Test Ban Treaty of 1963 and the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty of 1968—were initially worked out by the U.S. and the Soviets. The prospects for future arms control depend on initiatives by Washington and Moscow, not the U.N.

ECONOMIC ASSISTANCE: A hit. Attempts to cajole the developed nations into committing 1% of their G.N.P.s to economic aid have not been entirely successful (only France, surprisingly, meets the goal; the U.S. figure is closer to one-half of 1%). But donor nations, among them the U.S., are more and more willing to channel aid funds through multinational organizations like the World Bank.

FOOD: A qualified hit. New seeds and techniques promoted by the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization have helped increase world food production by 50% since the end of World War II. But close to 50% of the world's 3.5 billion people are still under- or malnourished.

HEALTH: More hits. The World Health Organization's global disease-eradication programs have made considerable progress in the control of malaria and other diseases.



There's talk about consumers wanting the things they buy to work and to last, as well as look good. Value as well as fashion. Some facts: Prices rise around you, but Florsheim Shoes still start at \$18.95. Their longer wear still comes from premium calf that holds its shape, kidskin that stays soft because the finish is rubbed in, not painted on. Their extreme lightweight and flexibility still rests on premium leather soles so they won't get floppy. Fashion? Over 250 styles in every kind of new look. But with Florsheim you get that look without being a toad. This way we have something worthwhile to talk about.

Left: The Celesta, brown byzantine calf, 39222; not shown: black, 29263. Right: The Celesta, brown byzantine calf, 39223; not shown: black, 29232.

Men's Florsheim styles \$18.95 to \$29.95.
Men's Imperial styles \$39.95.

FLORSHEIM

Mrs. Ryan's son got married last night.



The bride had also waited. Seven years. Through college. Bill's law school. The Army. Even a "getting established" period when he got out. So now, Bill and Mary Ellen raised their Harper's to what was probably the longest engagement in recorded history.



Mrs. Patrick Ryan had waited thirty-three years for her Bill to find the right girl. But when the best man proposed the traditional toast to the newlyweds, tears filled her eyes. That was her only son on that girl's arm.



Just before the newlyweds made their escape, Bill's new father-in-law collared him for a man-to-man talk and a Harper's. Yes, he would take care of his daughter and thank you very much for the check.



This is how good I.W. Harper is. For nearly a hundred years, I.W. Harper has been winning medals all over the world — the reason it's known as the Gold Medal Bourbon, the finest bourbon you can buy.

I.W. Harper. Sometimes the bourbon has to be this good.



European star-quality representative at the meeting. Ceausescu, of course, made the trip not so much to visit the U.N. as to drum up trade deals and tour Disneynia (a treat, he was well aware, that was denied Khrushchev during his 1959 U.S. tour for security reasons).

Polity Resources. The U.N.'s champions point to its growing membership and its increasingly vital activity in such fields as economic aid and education as signs of its continuing health. But on balance, the U.N.'s record of achievements (see box) has been very discouraging.

In none of the major crises of the 1960s—notably Viet Nam, the Middle East, Biafra and the arms race—has the U.N. been able or willing to take a positive role. One of its problems is paltry resources, a handicap that can be partially cured if it acts soon on proposals to increase the U.N.'s on-call peace-keeping force from 11,000 to 25,000 men. But the organization's relative impotence in the major East-West confrontations is all but certain to continue, if only because the U.N. was never designed to be a world government, much less one strong enough to rein in the great powers. The wry rule of thumb posed by Philippines Foreign Minister Carlos Romulo years ago still holds: "When there is an issue between two small powers, the issue disappears. When there is an issue between a small power and a big power, the small power disappears. When it's an issue between two superpowers, the U.N. disappears."

If the major powers are less and less inclined to bring matters of substance before the U.N., that is partly because of its unwieldy size and distorted representation. The Pacific island republic of Fiji, which last week became the 127th member of the U.N., has a population of only 520,000, yet it is a giant compared with some of the microstates that will soon be knocking on the U.N.'s doors. Of a total of some 65 territories, trusts and colonies that are headed for independence, 50 have populations under 100,000. All together, these potential members will represent fewer people than there are in New York City. But in the General Assembly they will be able to amass enough votes to block the two-thirds majority needed for any important decision.

If past experience is any guide, the new mininates will be using their debating privileges to the maximum, a stupefying—and increasingly serious—problem for the U.N. The U.S. has suggested that the smaller nations be given "associate" membership but no General Assembly vote. Another proposal is that each nation's vote be weighted to reflect the size of its population. With its steadily growing membership the U.N. promises to become an ever more faithful mirror of Marshall McLuhan's "global village." But unless some measure is adopted to deal with the small-nation problem, it will also become less useful as a forum for fruitful diplomacy among the powers.

MIDDLE EAST Succession and Stalemate

When the late Gamal Abdel Nasser staged a presidential referendum in 1965, he ran up a 99.9% vote of approval. Only 65 voters out of 6,951,206 rebuffed him. Last week his successor as Egypt's President fared considerably worse. More than 7,100,000 voters were asked to vote *naam* (yes) or *la* (no) on the question "Do you agree that Anwar Sadat should be President?" They gave the 52-year-old former Vice President no more than a 90.04% *naam* vote, and 711,252 Egyptians voted *la*, two days after the election and 19 days after his predecessor's death, Sadat was duly inaugurated.

Subtle Signs. Despite all those *la*s, Sadat's elevation was sufficiently swift and smooth to demonstrate a degree of con-



SADAT FINGERING WORRY BEADS
A significant mood of uncertainty.

tinuity, if not necessarily stability. Subtle signs were beginning to surface of a potential struggle for power that could convulse the most populous Arab nation.

► **Item:** Haseen Heikal, editor of Cairo's *Al-Ahram* and Minister of Guidance (information), printed a eulogy to Nasser written by the moderately pro-Western Zakaria Mohieddin. That gave rise to speculation that Heikal was seeking to retrieve Mohieddin from obscurity. Once one of Nasser's intimates, Mohieddin's name had not even been mentioned in the Egyptian press since he fell out with Nasser in 1968 over economic policy and Egypt's increasing reliance on the Soviets.

► **Item:** Rumors from Cairo insisted that Nasser on his deathbed had designated Mohieddin his heir, which was not likely.

► **Item:** Reports from outside Egypt suggested that Sabry and the Soviets have

agreed to send home 600 Egyptian students and 300 army officers training in East bloc nations. These could become the nucleus of a force that would thrust Sabry into a ruling position.

These stories indicate a jockeying for influence that could have a disastrous effect on the Suez cease-fire between Egypt and Israel. In a bid for supremacy, the opposing pro- and anti-Soviet factions in Cairo might resume shooting. So might forces in Jordan (see following story), where the first fight since the civil war broke out last week.

The very confusion of the situations in both Cairo and Amman might also keep all sides too busy to start anything. That at least is what Jerusalem hopes. For the moment Israel's mood is relaxed: the nation last week celebrated the harvest feast of Sukkoth. The top news on Radio Israel, with a cease-fire in effect, was not battle casualties but the early arrival of the winter rains.

Nevertheless, Israel, violating the standstill under the guise of "maintenance," has been steadily refurbishing the Bar-Lev Line on the east bank of the Suez Canal since August. Sandbags have been replaced by cement, and roads have been asphalted to forestall mining.

Unyielding Position. For impact and drama, the Israeli violations pale alongside Egypt's in moving up scores of SA-2 and SA-3 missiles with Soviet connivance. Half a world away, at the United Nations, the Egyptian violations and their effect on the U.S.-proposed Middle East peace talks became a focus for intense discussions.

One of the more significant meetings took place between U.S. Secretary of State William P. Rogers and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. In a four-hour working dinner at the Soviet U.N. mission, Rogers brought up the question of missile violations and stressed the U.S. desire for rectification. Gromyko, in turn, accused Washington of tricking Cairo by promising Israel additional Phantom jets even though Nasser had agreed to a cease-fire.

Earlier, Egypt's Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad met privately with Rogers at the Secretary's suite in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers; such is the degree of U.S. concern that President Nixon personally telephoned Rogers' suite to voice still one more plea for rectification.

Riad was unyielding. Publicly, he has denied that Egypt has violated the cease-fire. To Rogers he explained that Nasser's successor must cope with forces in Egypt that are not particularly anxious to continue the cease-fire with Israel beyond its Nov. 5 expiration date.

Some U.S. officials would like to see Jerusalem soften its insistence on rectification as a condition for peace talks with U.N. Representative Gunnar Jarring. The Israelis argue that to yield on the missile issue could have disastrous consequences, since Egypt has flaunted bad faith and could not be trusted to keep whatever peace emerged from the Jarring talks.

The Other Jordanians

IN Amman last week, Jordan's King Hussein and Guerrilla Leader Yasser Arafat shook hands self-consciously. The gesture sealed a shaky agreement. In the wake of the ten-day civil war that claimed thousands of lives, Hussein won a pledge of loyalty from the Palestinian guerrillas. At the same time, he granted the fedayeen broad freedom to move and operate within his kingdom. Yet scarcely had Hussein and Arafat concluded the bargain when minor skirmishes between guerrillas and loyalists began breaking out.

Should the skirmishing develop into another round of full-scale fighting, Hussein is likely to find himself in deeper trouble than he has ever experienced

guerrilla groups. Other non-Bedouin Jordanians have also joined the fedayeen. One of them, Nayef Hawatmeh, even heads his own radical guerrilla group, the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

Houses of Hair. The Hashemite kings of Jordan set in motion the forces that have led to this shift in loyalties. Amman was a dusty *nusablah*, or market town, when King Abdullah, Hussein's grandfather, made it the capital of his new kingdom in 1921. Most of the country's Bedouins roamed Transjordan's eastern deserts, proud and hawklike men who scorned as inferiors the Arabs in cities. Allah made the Bedouin and the camel, they were wont to say, and then

ing 100,000 acres of land planted in grains.

Citification has enveloped others among the nomadic or peasant people who made up Jordan's original population. The Circassians, descended from Moslems who fled the Crimea and the Russians a century ago, along with the Shishans, Druzes, Turkomans and Bahais, represent 350,000 people who were once scattered in small, isolated villages. Now many of them are moving into cities like Amman, Salt and Irbid. So are many of Jordan's 100,000 Arab Christians.

Flung together in confining cities, the various Transjordanian ethnic groups are intermingling, and substituting political allegiance for tribal or ethnic ones. In a country where no formal political parties are allowed to function,



BEDOUIN COOKING COFFEE



CROSSING THE JORDANIAN DESERT ABOARD CAMELS



GUARDING AGAINST GAZU

For his support is steadily dwindling. Hussein has always had trouble with the Palestinians. Most of them are latecomers, forcibly grafted on to the native population of Jordan in 1948. At the same time, the country was inundated by tens of thousands of other Palestinians who fled from Israel. Of Hussein's 2,200,000 subjects, two-thirds are now Palestinians, and the majority are at best lukewarm to him. But the country's remaining 700,000 or so people had always been considered loyal to the throne. It is within this group that the decline in allegiance is taking place.

Western newsmen have summed up Jordan's civil war as a confrontation between "fed" and "Bed"—that is, between the Palestinian fedayeen and the Bedouins, who make up the largest segment (250,000) of the other Jordanians. To a certain extent this is true, for the Bedouins remain the backbone of Hussein's 56,000-man army. Yet increasing numbers of "Beds" are joining the "feds." Arabs estimate that up to 15% of the guerrillas are non-Palestinians. No fewer than 2,500 members of the Beni Sakhr, Jordan's most powerful Bedouin tribe, have joined Arafat's Al-Fatah or other

Allah made the town Arab out of the camel's droppings.

The Bedouins survived the 125° summer heat by hunkering down beside water holes; in winter, after provident rains had fallen, they drove their camel herds across 100-mile-wide tribal grazing grounds, venturing into town only to sell their animals. They observed stern codes for everything from vendettas to hospitality. Bigger tribes like the Beni Sakhr, when they suffered a bad winter, carried out a *gazu* or tribal raid, plundering weaker tribes of their camels, horses and food.

Abdullah won the loyalty of this fierce, independent people by protecting them from the even fiercer Wahhabi tribes of neighboring Saudi Arabia with his British-trained Arab Legion. But the legion, under Sir John Bagot Glubb ("Glubb Pasha"), also imposed an ever-increasing degree of internal order, forbidding the *gazu* and destroying the tribes' stockpiles of arms. Civilization, in the shape of the road and the automobile, ended the demand for camels and forced the nomads to fold up their goat-hair tents and drift into towns and villages. Today the Beni Sakhr prosper by dealing in real estate and farm-

the urban Jordanian turns increasingly to the fedayeen, mostly because of the guerrillas' commitment to defeating Israel but also because they are attracted by the emerging social cohesion of the Palestinians.

The pro-fedayeen, non-Palestinian Jordanians are not bent on overthrowing Hussein, but the King's attempts to repress the guerrillas have turned many of that group against him. Even neutral Jordanians were repelled by the brutality of Hussein's army. In Amman, Bedouin soldiers slew wounded guerrillas, some while they lay helpless on stretchers. Others looted stores and houses and raped women at gunpoint. Onlookers insist that these were not Jordanian at all, but the Bedouin mercenaries from Syria, Iraq and Saudi Arabia who constitute a third of Hussein's army. "These foreign legionnaires didn't look on this as a police action," says former Premier Suleiman Nabulsi, 60, a non-Palestinian supporter of the fedayeen. "They thought it was a great *gazu*, just like one desert tribe raiding another."

Hussein is aware of the lingering bitterness, and he is also alert to a quandary involving Israel. The King has

The privilege of doing practically nothing has its price.



This is our Countdown Model 350. And it costs something less than \$160.

It's about as automatic a camera as you can get.

And about the most unique.

This camera even counts the seconds for you electronically. While your picture's being developed.

A little electronic timer calls you ("beep") when your picture is ready to see.

The electronic exposure system (electric eye and electronic shutter) figures out exposures for any kind of shot automatically.

1/1000th of a second on a bright sunny day (to catch your kid doing the 100 yard dash).

A 10 second color time exposure at dusk.

Black-and-white snapshots indoors. Without

flash.

This system even measures the burst of a flash automatically.

There's a dual image Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder for quick and accurate focusing.

(As you line up the two images in the finder it frames the picture. Automatically.)

You can take portraits or close-ups or even self-portraits. (Merely by snapping on optional attachments.)

Of course, this is one of the Polaroid Land cameras.

So you get a color picture in a minute. A black-and-white in seconds.

That's a privilege no other camera in the world will give you.

At any price.

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frequently indicated that he would like to make peace with the Israelis. But the fedayeen have convinced his people that they must continue the war against Israel. This puts Hussein in a position that monarchs have rarely faced, the more he presses to end hostilities, the more hostile his own subjects become.

SOVIET UNION

A Dreaded First for Aeroflot

Authorities in the ancient Black Sea port of Trebizond, Turkey, bustled about excitedly last week as the Soviet Aeroflot AN-24 craft circled for an unscheduled landing. After all, few foreign planes ever land in the small (pop. 66,000) market town. Excitement soon turned to consternation as frantic passengers scrambled out the rear door and two bloodied pilots staggered from the front of the plane. Both had been wounded by gunshots. Inside lay the stewardess, 18-year-old Nadezhda Kulchenko, dead of a bullet wound that drenched international malady, skyjacking, had finally spread to Russia.

Two of the passengers, Koveysvo Bransizkas, 46, and his son Prano Algirdas, 18, were seized by Turkish military authorities. The two readily admitted hijacking the craft while it was on a short run between the Soviet Georgian cities of Batumi and Sukhumi. They said they wanted to escape Russia and requested political asylum.

According to Aeroflot Captain Oqanes Bubayev, the pair had burst into the cockpit and when the pilots tried to radio an alarm to the ground, opened fire. One passenger said the stewardess was killed as she tried to keep the hijackers out of the cockpit. The hijackers carried five firearms and three hand grenades—an extraordinary arsenal in any case but particularly for Soviet citizens, who are prohibited from owning

firearms without special permission.* They also had about \$5,000 in Soviet and U.S. currency.

Since 1964 there have been at least three other hijack attempts aboard Soviet civilian aircraft, all involving live gunfire. In 1966, three would-be hijackers were shot at by a Soviet pilot, indicating that crew members are armed at least some of the time. Last June authorities arrested a number of Soviet Jews in Leningrad who were allegedly plotting to escape official harassment by hijacking an airliner.

Previously, the authorities took no special precautions against potential hijackings. They figured that existing controls, including an internal passport system, were strict enough. The Bransizkas' bloodily successful job may change all that.

The Soviets were understandably incensed by Turkey's handling of the case. After releasing the plane, Ankara granted political asylum to the Bransizkas. Moreover, despite attempts of the Trebizond prosecutor to bring the pair to trial on charges of murder, the courts quickly freed them. In an age of rising air piracy, Turkey's astonishing action seemed to sanction a double standard for "good" and "bad" hijackers (TIME, Sept. 28)—though it is difficult to see how the Bransizkas could be accorded much sympathy, whatever their political problems at home. Moscow is not likely to let the Turks forget about their handling of the case.

CHINA

The Price of Recognition

At the frenzied height of China's Cultural Revolution, Peking virtually boarded up many of its foreign embassies and brought home every Chinese ambassador but the one in Egypt. Over the past 17 months, 30 heads of delegations have returned to their duties, suggesting that China's leaders were ready to resume more normal dealings with the world community. An even more tangible sign was a series of quiet negotiations that opened in several capitals. Their aim: to secure diplomatic recognition from some of the 80-plus nations that still do not acknowledge the existence of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's 21-year-old regime.

Last week the Chinese scored a major success in that strategy. After 20 months of negotiation in Stockholm initiated by Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, Peking and Ottawa announced that they would establish diplomatic relations immediately. Trudeau had also agreed to break off relations with Nationalist China, but Taipei beat him to the punch. Just before the new Peking-Ottawa link was announced, Taiwan's

Guns are frequently easier to obtain in the southern part of the U.S.S.R., however, because of less rigid control and small arms factories located in the area. Workers smuggle weapons out of the plants and sell them on the black market.



NATIONALIST AMBASSADOR LEAVING OTTAWA
Pleasing a good customer.

Ambassador Hsueh Yu-chi severed his country's diplomatic ties with Canada, and took leave of the country in a tearful farewell scene.

In re-establishing relations with China, Canada was pleasing a good customer. Since 1961, when Canada first began selling wheat to Peking, China has become the country's ninth largest trading partner. Exports during the first seven months of 1970 totaled \$100,729,000. Because Canada buys little but peanuts and cotton pants in return, the trade accounted for an \$89 million balance of payments surplus. It could grow larger if the Chinese would begin buying Canadian newspaper and potash. Trudeau, who visited China in 1960 with Jacques Hébert and co-authored a book called *Two Innocents in China*, has advocated recognition since before his election in 1968. "It is a fact that there is a very large and populous country which is governed [from] Peking," he says.

To recognize that government does not mean that we approve of what it is doing."

Initially, the Chinese demanded that Canada acknowledge Peking's claim over Taiwan, which has served as headquarters for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist forces since they fled the mainland in 1949. Finally, the Chinese compromised by allowing Canada to announce that it "takes note" of the claim, without further commenting on it. Even so, it was a moral victory for Peking: France, the last Western nation that recognized China, was not even required to mention Taiwan.

Annual Poll. Despite opposition from conservatives to the Canadian formula on Taiwan, Italy may become the next nation to establish relations. Rome has been holding secret talks in Paris with Chinese diplomats for six years. Belgium



STEWARDESS KULCHENKO
Dangers of a double standard.

With "brownouts" and fuel rationing threatening the U.S. this winter, it's a crime to keep wasting our fuel.

Homeowners and businesses are facing severe shortages of fuel oil, natural gas and coal in the next few months.

A presidential committee headed by Paul W. McCracken, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, was formed to recommend ways to alleviate the acute shortage of clean fuels for this winter. And to ensure an adequate fuel supply for the next five years.

On September 29, the committee presented its recommendations.

In essence, they recommended that the U.S. expand its sources of supply. And that everyone act now to conserve energy. Federal agencies were told to launch programs to conserve fuel in all Federal installations.

We must stop wasting our fuels.

Example: An estimated half of the houses in the U.S. have little or no insulation. An uninsulated house can waste up to 45% of its fuel. Significant fuel savings are also possible in commercial and institutional buildings.

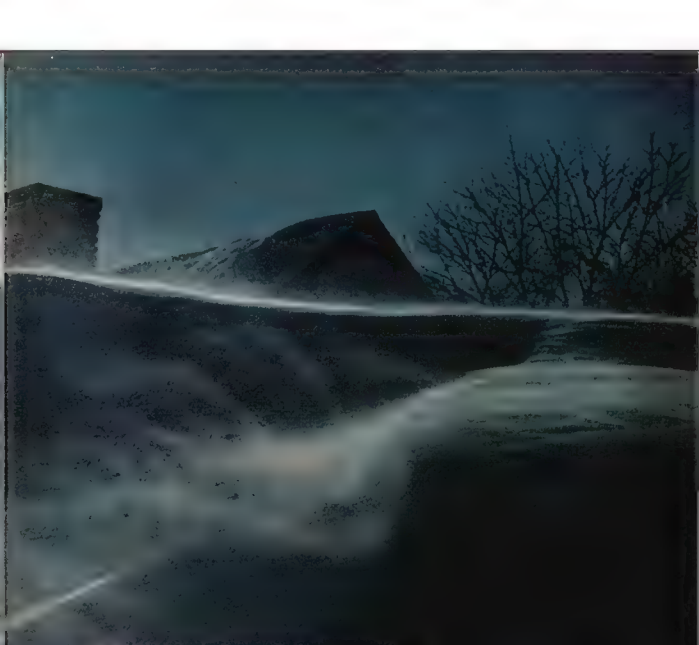
Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation suggests adequate insulation as an important step toward conserving fuel.

On the following pages we're reprinting a special advertisement about insulation which seems pertinent. Plus some suggestions that can help every homeowner save fuel this winter. And cut fuel bills by a significant amount!

If enough people take precautions now, we can keep the energy shortages from becoming a "crisis."

These days, there are enough other crises to worry about.





**A 50-mile gale rages outside.
The temperature: an icy minus ten.
But your heating costs don't go through the roof.
Reason: you've got six inches of Fiberglas[®] Insulation
in the ceiling, three inches in the wall.
Cost-reducing Fiberglas, the new basic material.**

FIBERGLAS

Owens-Corning is Fiberglas.

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7 ways to save as much as 50% on heating costs this winter

(while keeping the fuel shortage from hitting home)

1. Install storm windows and doors.

Every uninsulated door and window robs your home of heat. Double glazing or storm windows and doors can reduce heat loss as much as 10%. Your home stays warmer. Your furnace uses less fuel.

2. Caulk around windows and eaves, weatherstrip doors.

Every opening and crack costs you money, wastes fuel. A few cents' worth of caulking and weatherstripping can seal cracks and gaps, save dollars in fuel.

3. Set thermostat back at night.

When you're asleep under blankets, your home needn't be as warm as when you're up and about. Set your thermostat back a few notches. Each degree it's turned back means a 3% saving on fuel.

4. Have thermostat checked and adjusted.

A faulty thermostat can cause your furnace to cycle improperly, wasting fuel, running up costs. Have it checked. If it needs repairs, consider replacing it with a "day-night" thermostat that automatically sets heat back at night, turns it up again next morning.

5. Have furnace, flues, and filters checked.

Accumulations of soot and dust clog heating

equipment, keep it from operating efficiently. Have your furnace checked and cleaned at the start of the heating season. Replace furnace filters. Get your money's worth from the fuel you use.

6. Install a humidifier.

Your furnace wrings moisture from the air and makes rooms feel cooler than they actually are. A humidifier replaces this moisture, lets you feel just as comfortable at lower temperatures.

7. Install adequate insulation.

It takes more than twice as much fuel to heat a home without insulation than the same home with insulation. New homes under construction should have a minimum of 6" of insulation in ceilings, 3" in walls. In existing homes, where installing insulation in walls may be impractical, significant savings are still possible by installing a 6" thickness of insulation in the attic. Ask your lumber dealer about pre-cut, lay-in insulation you can install yourself in less than a weekend. Or consult your insulation contractor.

For further information about how you can save fuel and money with insulation, write for free booklet, "The Full Story of Full Insulation," Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Att. E.C. Meeks, Fiberglas Tower, Toledo, Ohio 43601.



Owens-Corning is Fiberglas

and Austria have expressed interest in establishing diplomatic ties. Marxist Salvador Allende, who is expected to be confirmed as Chile's President this week, has already promised to recognize Mao's regime, and there is speculation that the new leftist regime in Bolivia may follow suit.

Canada's move will also give China one more vote in the annual poll on whether to seat Peking at the United Nations, but it will almost certainly not be enough to turn the tide this year. Moreover, even if the General Assembly were to confound all speculation by admitting Peking this session, the question of China's permanent seat on the Security Council, now held by Chiang's government, would remain unsettled. And the Communists have said that they will not accept U.N. membership until they can claim both seats.

The Nixon Administration, while nowhere near formal recognition of China, has been anxious to make small gestures toward easing tension. It has removed some trade and travel restrictions and, after a two-year suspension, quickly agreed to re-establish ambassadorial-level contact in Warsaw last February.

But there are no signs of a shift in Washington's policy of non-recognition. It is a policy, as its critics never tire of pointing out, that contains a measure of absurdity by pretending that China is actually governed by Taiwan. Ten or 15 years ago, Mao's regime might have agreed to fudge the Taiwan issue in exchange for diplomatic relations with the U.S., but today Peking would very likely insist that Washington break off with the Nationalist government.

Still, the U.S. is aware that an accommodation with the regime that obviously controls China and wields vast influence throughout Asia would have advantages. By no means the smallest benefit would be some much-needed leverage in Washington's dealings with the Soviet Union. After all, if the Kremlin were more worried about the U.S.'s moving closer toward its huge and often hostile Asian neighbor, it might be less ready to challenge Washington.

The ABCDs of Pacification

PACIFICATION, South Viet Nam's "other war," has been waged in one guise or another since the days of the French. In the 1950s there was the abortive *agraville* program of agricultural resettlement. In the early 1960s came the U.S. concept of "strategic hamlets," which were meant to fortify rural areas to protect peasants from Communist attack. By 1966 President Johnson was referring to pacification as "the other war," or "the struggle to win the hearts and minds of the people." Whatever its name, the object of pacification for nearly two decades has been to wrest rural areas from Viet Cong control and bring them under the aegis of the Saigon government. With U.S. troops continuing their withdrawal—President Nixon last week announced that the troop level would decline by another 40,000 to 344,000 by Christmas—pacification has assumed ever-increasing importance in determining the allegiance of the country's 11 million peasants.

Alphabetical Ratings. After the Communists' 1968 Tet offensive, U.S. and South Vietnamese officials cast a critical eye on their Hamlet Evaluation System (H.E.S.), which was supposed to determine the relative extent of both the government and V.C. control. The system was found to be misleading. Districts were often shamelessly gerrymandered to create impressions of progress that had no relation to reality. A complex new scheme was devised that requires field advisers to answer no fewer than 149 multiple-choice questions; the replies are fed into a computer in Saigon, which digests them and then prints out alphabetical ratings.

A—full-scale government presence and the apparent elimination of the Viet Cong apparatus; **B**—strong government presence while the V.C. appear to have been neutralized; **C**—less-than-firm government presence and some V.C. agents still operating; **D**—partial government control with V.C. agents operating actively; **E**—minimum government pres-

ence with V.C. agents underground by day and operative by night; **V**—totally under Viet Cong control.

When the computerized system was launched last January, the percentage of **A-B-C** hamlets (reasonably secure) immediately dropped from 92.7% to 87.9%. Now, however, U.S. aides claim that the figure has climbed back to 92.8% of the rural population. Obviously Saigon does not exercise total control over that many people, the **C** hamlets are rather shaky entities, for example, even by optimistic American standards. The problem is still one of interpretation, and Saigon's readings are likely to be overly hopeful.

Even so, the government does seem to be making inroads. To convert a single hamlet from a rating of **V** even to **D** requires not only tons of ammunition, miles of barbed wire and nightly counterinsurgency ambushes, but also vast amounts of cement, tin, fertilizer, sweat and blood. The hamlet of Trinh Phu is a case in point. One year ago, government troops entered Trinh Phu for the first time in a decade. To look at pacification in terms of people rather than printouts, TIME Correspondent James Willwerth paid a visit to Trinh Phu, a partially pacified hamlet with a **D** rating. His report:

The road to Trinh Phu, a muddy ribbon stretching through rice-rich Ba Xuyen province, ends some 85 miles southwest of Saigon at the Rach Vop canal. Until October 1969, Trinh Phu had been controlled by antigovernment forces almost without interruption since the end of World War II. In 1965, the Allies declared the hamlet a free fire zone. Many of the families fled.

Thriving Market Place. Last year, as part of its stepped-up pacification program, the government turned its attention to Trinh Phu. Regional Force troops, a home-grown militia responsible for their own province, moved in cautiously. They were followed closely by black-pajamaed Revolutionary Develop-

BASKET FISHING IN THE RACH VOP CANAL



ment cadres, which are supposed to combine the skills of the community organizer and the psy-war specialist.

The government forces established outposts three miles down the canal from Trinh Phu. With air support from U.S.-piloted F-100s, they forced the Viet Cong to withdraw a few miles. The government's presence was secured and Trinh Phu was given an E rating. Slowly, families began moving back.

Progress was slow but hearteningly steady. In November, a medical team operating out of a U.S. Navy boat handed out medicine wrapped in propaganda leaflets—but was nearly blasted out of the water when it ventured too far down the canal and entered guerrilla-controlled waters. In December, hamlet elections were held and, perhaps more noteworthy, the Revolutionary Development cadres built a schoolhouse. Late that month, Trinh Phu won its current D rating. In January, boats carrying ice, vegetables and dry goods moved slowly down the canal: it was the first regular river commerce to reach Trinh Phu in nearly a decade.

Since last spring, terrorist incidents have slowly declined. The sights and sounds and smells of a vibrant and visible community are once again in evidence. The Ben Doi market place has been revived, complete with coffee shops and colorful open-air stalls. Noisy children romp by the canal and women barter loudly with fishermen and farmers. Fifteen acres of high-yield miracle rice will be harvested this month. The fish catch has risen considerably since people have begun to feel safe working on the canal. In the August senatorial elections, nearly every eligible voter in the hamlet turned out.

Unsettling Presence. The battle is by no means over. The D rating represents quite an improvement, but still is nothing to brag about. Pro-government officials can spend the night in the hamlet, but only in the relative security of the centrally located market area. Barely two miles down Rach Vop canal, which flows languidly through the heart of the hamlet, is "Indian country," as American soldiers call guerrilla-controlled areas.

It is the quality of official leadership that will determine the future of Trinh Phu and of the entire pacification program. Local government is still often corrupt. "We have established territorial security," says Army Major Alan Butler, the district's senior U.S. adviser. "But the test is whether at the hamlet level the government can deliver the goods rather than the Viet Cong." Hamlet Chief Tran Van Giao puts it another way: "Our security is now fair," he observed. "Soon I hope to have full security, a place for women to have babies. Where there can be some electricity and medical supplies." Simple things, but so basic that they only serve to show that no matter how far Trinh Phu has come with its D rating, it still has a long way to go.

Talking Points in Paris

POINT by point, the Communist negotiators tore apart Richard Nixon's latest peace plan to end the Viet Nam War. Almost with relish they announced in the baroque grand ballroom of Paris' Majestic Hotel last week their "total and categorical" rejection of the five-point program. Nonetheless, Chief U.S. Negotiator David Bruce patiently replied that the U.S. "will not take your comments today as your final position" and that "all proposals, yours as well as our own," are still open to discussion. Thus Nixon's program and an eight-point plan submitted by the Viet Cong's Mrs. Nguyen Thi Binh last month remain the chief talking points—if the Communists intend to talk, that is. The main sticking points are still the withdrawal of U.S. troops

VIET CONG. U.S. to withdraw all military forces and close all military bases by June 30, 1971, without any preconditions. Previous position: unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. troops within six months.

Interim Government

U.S. Rejects demands to oust President Nguyen Van Thieu, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky and Prime Minister Tran Thien Kiem, but makes no mention of keeping Communists out of the government that would be created to supervise elections. Previously, Washington has said that all "peaceful" political elements can participate; that, of course, could be interpreted to exclude any Communists who didn't agree to a cease-fire.

VIET CONG. The Thieu-Ky-Kiem regime must be removed. Then the Communists will begin talks with Saigon on procedures for setting up a coalition government. Included in it would be Viet Cong representatives. Previously, the Viet Cong named no names, but made it clear that the present top men in Saigon would be unacceptable.

Elections

U.S. Calls for "a fair political solution reflecting the existing relationship of political forces" in an elected South Vietnamese government. This could mean a coalition government including Communists. Previously, the U.S. called for elections under international supervision.

VIET CONG. Elections supervised by the interim government. The Communists previously emphasized that there should be no foreign interference in elections, a point they presumably still insist upon.

Cease-Fire

U.S. An immediate cease-fire in place for Viet Nam and the rest of Indochina. The previous American proposal called for a cease-fire only after arrangements for elections and a timetable for withdrawal were established.

VIET CONG. A cease-fire only after agreement is reached on all points of its peace plan. Previously, the Communists simply did not mention a cease-fire.

Troop Withdrawals

U.S. The timing and pace of a pull-out subject to negotiation as part of an overall settlement, with no mention of a mutual withdrawal of North Vietnamese troops. Previous position called for a mutual withdrawal by U.S. and North Vietnamese troops but mentioned no timetable.

Prisoners Of War

U.S. Immediate and unconditional release of all prisoners. Previously, Washington simply called for the earliest possible release of prisoners held by both sides.

VIET CONG. Discussions on prisoners to be held only after the U.S. agrees to withdraw its forces. Previously, the V.C. refused to consider discussing prisoners until a peace agreement was reached.

Reunification

U.S. Not mentioned. Presumably, Nixon's May 1969 position stands—that there would be no objections as long as the decision reflected a free choice by the South Vietnamese. **VIET CONG.** Both North and South Viet Nam will work out steps to reunify the two sections—the same stand as before.



MRS. NGUYEN THI BINH

and the end of support of the present Saigon regime.

Here is how the two programs compare.



(A sad sea saga from the MONY file of frustrating cases.)

MONY MAN: The seas of life play strange tricks, Captain Ahab, even on the bravest. Who knows what storms may arise?

CAPT. AHAH: Avast and belay! No storm can take the measure of Captain Ahab. Nor can any man nor beast. The one who needs your insurance is Moby Dick.

MONY MAN: Sir, MONY insurance doesn't cover whales. Creates mammoth problems, you know. But when it comes to life or health insurance for people, individual or group, you'll find us hard to top. Incidentally, ever considered a group policy for your crew?

CAPT. AHAH: That scurvy lot! Not a chance! (Ed. Note: These were the days

before enlightened employers. We are pleased to be able to report that today some 485,104 people and their families are protected by MONY life and medical group insurance—not to mention pension and profit-sharing plans.)

MONY MAN: Well, sir, I certainly hope you'll reconsider. Otherwise, you and your family may be in for a whale of a lot of trouble.

Ed. Note: Sad to relate, Captain Ahab failed to reconsider, and the MONY Man's words proved all too prophetic. The white whale, Moby Dick, caused the captain's down fall, and, as it turned out, both MONY life and health insurance would have been valuable assets indeed. Which brings us to the moral that follows directly.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONY.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

PEOPLE

The bachelor popularity of owlish Henry A. Kissinger, President Nixon's one-man think tank has earned him the White House sobriquet "playboy of the western wing." Last week his reputation was appraised by pretty friends Washington Hostess Barbara Howard. Said she on camera to TV's Mike Wallace: "Mike, it takes time to be a swinger, you know Henry doesn't have that kind of time. If he's taking you out to dinner, don't start to get dressed until the third time he's called to say he's on his way. If he's taking you to a dinner party, tell him you'll meet him there, or you'll never get to eat because you'll never make it for the first course."

Looking heavier and a little more gray, Senator Eugene McCarthy turned up in San Francisco last week to raise some money for Democratic candidates with a speech and a poetry reading. Political plans? He would not be the Republican presidential candidate in 1972, but "beyond that, all possibilities are open." Political reminiscence? "Whenever we got too serious about the '68 campaign, I quoted Yeats' poem *Politics*, which concluded: 'But O that I were young again and held her in my arms.'" Poetry? From his forthcoming volume, *Other Things and the Aardvark*: "I am alone in the land of the aardvarks, I am walking west/all the aardvarks are going east/They are behind me. They have grown fat on the Tree of Knowledge. Their world is empty of park and green."

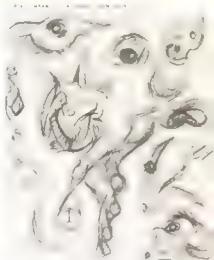
The Japanese royal family had a ball at the Gakushuin Kindergarten annual autumn games when four-year-old Prince Aya managed to take the play

away from one of his classmates right in front of his proud nana-san and mama Crown Prince Akihito and Princess Michiko.

"How does one get to be a liberated woman?" someone asked Martha Mitchell at a political fund raising party in Miami Beach. Cracked the lady who U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell calls "my unguided missile": "You marry the Attorney General and he protects your First Amendment rights. What the hell's better than that?" But when someone in Las Vegas asked her fellow Republican Barry Goldwater about equal rights for women, he offered a different kind of fantasy. "God put both sexes on earth, and each has its own purpose," he said. "I'd hate like hell to wake up next to a pipefitter."

Still smarting from Vice President Spiro Agnew's characterization of maverick Senator Charles Goodell as "the Christine Jorgensen of the Republican Party," Christine nevertheless did her best to be ladylike. "No, I don't have one of those Agnew dart boards," the blonde pioneer of sex-switchery told an inquirer. "I think it's wrong and disrespectful to put any elected official on a dart board. But I think it's rather interesting that he says I'm in the public domain, but that he apparently considers himself out of the public domain, because his lawyers are now threatening the dart-board company."

Jungian Psychiatrist Dr. Joseph Henderson decided there was gold in his files in the form of 83 drawings and doodles made 30 years ago by one of his patients, the late painter Jackson Pollock.



POLLOCK SKETCHES
Spray of surrealist symbolism.

So he sold the lot to a San Francisco gallery and last week Manhattan's Whitney Museum made an exhibition out of them. Since neurotic, alcoholic young Pollock was not trying to produce art but to get help, it is not surprising that the drawings are no more interesting than any other spray of surrealist symbolism. Equally unsurprising was the reaction of Pollock's widow, that the public display of such material was in regrettable taste.

The handsome, gilt-edge executive on TV's new detergent commercial sits at a desk with shelves of leather-bound books behind him and a red-white-and-blue box of laundry detergent in front. As the camera dollies in, he removes his half-moon reading glasses and there is former Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall himself, saying, "I believe that Sears' new Phosphate-Free Laundry Detergent is a real breakthrough. For our water's sake, I hope you use it." Ecology-Freak Udall says he will make other commercials, as well as speeches, pushing for the new product. His pay? It will all go to a scholarship fund for American Indians.

Reminiscing on the David Frost Show about the good old days, 82-year-old Maurice Chevalier remembered some that were not so good. There was a time in '21 or '22 when he was "drinking a little too much and loving much too much and working very, very hard." At one performance, he blew his lines—a failure that so unnerved him that he went to a sanitarium. "I had a gun. And suddenly, like the crazy man I had become, I put the gun in my mouth and started to play with it." Stepping back from suicide that time, Chevalier said, gave him the strength to return to the stage and "the 50 more important years of my life."



PRINCE & PLAYMATE
Taking the play away.

HOW TO MAKE OR BREAK A DAIQUIRI.



The Daiquiri.

Such a treat for the tongue when it is well made. Such a syrupy flop when it isn't. Because it takes more than good intentions to make a good Daiquiri.

Some rums, you see, are much too heavy and syrupy for the Daiquiri.

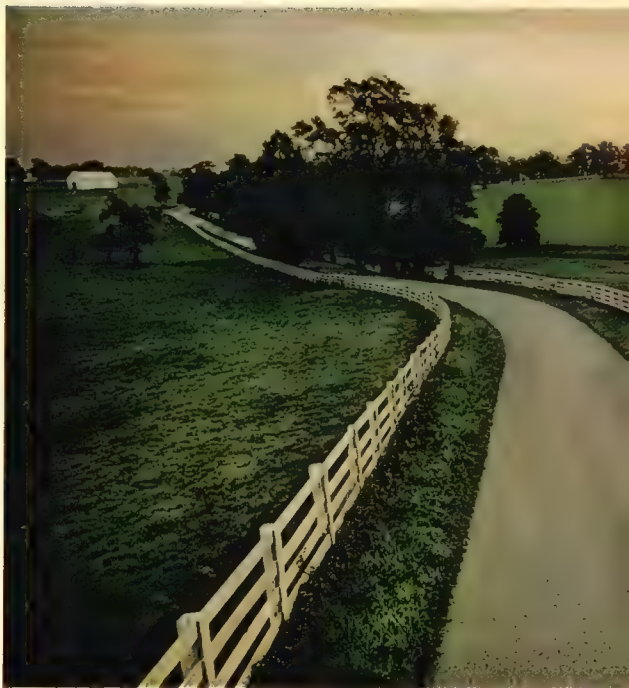
Puerto Rican Rums, on the other hand, are light and clear and dry. And, because they are aged and charcoal filtered for smoothness, they impart a mellow flavor to the Daiquiri.

Yet even these fine rums must be mixed in the correct proportions to make a perfect Daiquiri: to 1½ oz. of White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum, add ½ oz. lime juice and 1 scant tea spoon of sugar (or ½ oz. of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix). Shake with ice. Or serve on the rocks with a little extra rum. (Which is the way most men like their Daiquiris.)

Remember, though. All Daiquiris are created equal in proportion.

But when it comes to the rum you put in them, some Daiquiris are more equal than others.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO



As you can see,

They're underground. Pretty soon almost all our telephone lines will look this good.

We think America has enough eyesores without adding any more. So wherever possible, we're burying our new cable. And converting our old aerial lines.

Right now, we already have over 50% of our telephone lines nicely hidden underground. And before we're

through, we'll have about 92% of them out of sight.

We'll never reach 100% for two reasons: in a few places it's practically impossible to get the cable underground. In a few other places it's possible to get the cable underground, but it's ridiculously expensive.

We'd like to point out, by the way, that burying cable isn't something new at General Telephone. We've been



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Desegregation: How Much Further?

LAST fall the Supreme Court ordered Southern school districts to end segregation "at once." By this fall, the Nixon Administration claimed that 90% of the region's 2,721 districts had abandoned the old "dual" system, one black and one white, that officially segregated the races in separate schools. But the newly adopted "unitary" system often has a catch. Largely because of neighborhood housing patterns, hundreds of "desegregated" districts still contain predominantly segregated schools.

Last week the Supreme Court heard an unusual three days of arguments on the next major questions in the school controversy: Does the Constitution require an end to "racial isolation" in individual schools and classrooms? If so, what racial balance is necessary? By what means may an accepted balance be achieved and enforced?

To complicate matters, evasions of unitary plans still persist throughout

the South despite the genuine progress of recent months. In Alabama's Jefferson County, civil rights lawyers claim, as many as 10,000 white students who were supposed to enter black schools this fall have remained in their old schoolhouses. The charge is that white parents have lied about where their children live, using "mattress addresses" in white neighborhoods other than their own. Preliminary checks by the Health, Education and Welfare Department have turned up at least 14 school systems where the use of various forms of "ability grouping," an increasingly debatable educational tool, has resulted in segregated classrooms. In some desegregated schools, blacks are kept out of extracurricular activities and forced to ride segregated buses. In Huntsville, Ala., 113 blacks walked out of a high school pep rally to protest the playing of Dixie, and a fight with white students ensued. The school board sus-



INTEGRATED PLAYGROUND IN ATLANTA

pended the blacks for "leaving school without permission." One black eighth-grader in Louisiana was suspended for saying "Yes" to a white teacher instead of "Yes, ma'am."

Policing racial hostility is difficult. The U.S. Attorney's staff in charge of the Birmingham area has only two lawyers regularly assigned to keep up with more than 60 school systems. In recent weeks, federal courts have made limited progress. They have outlawed sex segregation in Coffeeville, Miss., and Concordia Parish, La. (the practice continues in several Georgia counties). They have also ruled that merging school systems must continue to employ black principals and teachers instead of demoting or firing them and hiring whites.

Emerging Issue. Nonetheless, HEW's Office of Civil Rights concedes that it has found some form of racial isolation in approximately one-fifth of the 158 desegregated districts it has surveyed. When schools report their racial composition near the end of the year, officials expect the figures to show that about half of the South's students attend truly integrated schools—a tolerable record compared with those of many Northern districts, but not quite the record that is implied by the Nixon Administration.

Beyond all that the emerging byproduct is the clear effect of residential segregation on the rights of blacks to attend desegregated schools. If the Constitution guarantees that right, how can it be enforced in a nation that remains unwilling to integrate its neighborhoods? In seeking an answer, moreover, the Supreme Court confronts its own seminal ruling of 1954 that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."

At issue before the Supreme Court last week were two plans—from Clarke County, Ga., and from the district made up of Charlotte, N.C., and surrounding Mecklenburg County—that represent the most exhaustive efforts so far to overcome the South's traditional patterns. Under the plans, which are being challenged by whites, busing and redistricting have entirely eliminated all-black

Harvard's Future: A Cartoon Sampler

WHAT mortal could qualify as the next president of Harvard? Now that scores of eminent names have been suggested, the *Harvard Bulletin* (an independent alumni magazine) has asked leading cartoonists to sketch the perfect president. Among the results:

As if in sympathy with outgoing President Nathan M. Pusey, Jules Feiffer envisions a pin-striped martyr.



Of his choice, David Levine says "I don't really want to saddle Harvard with him, but just imagine how much better off the nation would be."



Only a Janus can survive as the puppet of university string pullers, in the view of Boston Illustrator David Omar White.



With a how to Harvard hips, Al Hirschfeld proposes a bearded version of Ringo Starr.

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SEGREGATED BUSES ARRIVING AT INTEGRATED SCHOOL IN CHARLOTTE
Must schools be racially balanced when neighborhoods are not?

schools The plans impose roughly the same ratio of each district's racial makeup on each school's enrollment. Both districts had long used busing to enforce segregation. By using it to enforce desegregation, the districts have added 880 more riders in Clarke County, 23,000 in Charlotte. Although whites talked of keeping their children home, most have reluctantly gone along all but a tiny percentage of the children are now attending the schools to which they were assigned.

Potential Havoc. Lawyers for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund argued before the court last week that this approach should set a pattern for the South. At a minimum, they said, individual schools should have enough racial diversity so that they are not identifiable as black. The court moved in that direction in a 1969 decision requiring that the proportion of teachers in each of a district's schools substantially reflect the district's overall staff makeup. Although he did not urge the court to adopt a fixed ratio for black and white pupils, Attorney Julius LeVonne Chambers suggested that in districts where whites are in a majority, no school should be more than 90% white or 50% black.

The civil rights lawyers implied that similar standards should be applied to Southern districts with plans like that of Mobile, Ala., the third district at issue before the court. In that city blacks have appealed a lower-court ruling that Mobile's current steps toward integration are "reasonable"—even though blacks calculate that two-thirds of their elementary schoolchildren in metropolitan Mobile are still in all-black schools. The principles on which the lower court based its decision were defended by U.S. Solicitor General Erwin Griswold, who appeared as a friend of the court to explain the Nixon Administration's hostility toward busing and its sympathy for neighborhood schools. Griswold conceded that the Constitution permits busing. But he argued that the Constitution does not require districts to break up segregated neighborhood schools if this would involve long bus trips and massive numbers of young children. Chief Justice Warren Burger implied that a tempting such a breakup could cause havoc in cities like Washington, where the school population is 94% black.

Few of the justices seemed to have very much patience with lawyers for Southern school boards who argued earnestly that pupil assignments should be "color-blind," based only on "proximity and convenience." Implicit in the court's previous decisions has been the idea that since assignments based on race created segregation, they can now be used to dismantle it. But the Administration's modest view of how much desegregation is necessary seemed to win some sympathy from Justice Harry Blackmun as well as Burger. Justice Hugo Black, long a staunch advocate of rapid desegregation, hinted that he was now skeptical of trying to "rearrange the whole country" to change "the whole practice and tradition of the neighborhood school."

Persistent Pattern. The court is not expected to reach a decision until the end of November at the earliest, and may not conclude its deliberations until spring. Whatever that decision may be, it will leave hanging the persistent pattern of "resegregation." Growing numbers of whites, for example, are sending their children to the South's private "segregation academies." When Alabama's Jefferson County was ordered to adopt unitary desegregation this fall, white suburbs formed their own tiny districts. The toughest problem of all is the movement of whites to outlying residential suburbs. Example in Little Rock, Ark., where Central High School was desegregated 3 years ago: the proportion of white students has shrunk from 75% to 61% and is still declining.

Administration spokesmen talk of attacking residential segregation with vigorous enforcement of laws barring discrimination in housing and employment. Yet so far this technique has not been very effective. Another approach involves federal aid to make integrated schools so good that educational quality overrides white objections. Nixon's request for \$1.5 billion, some of which would further that goal, may get through Congress this year, but results would not appear for some time afterward. Hence the real issue before the Supreme Court is whether it will make blacks wait or whether the court will continue to lead the nation's slow progress toward a genuinely integrated society.

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The Destructive Force of Robby the Robber

AS a boy in Little Rock, Ark., Brooks Robinson used to deliver newspapers to the home of his hero, Yankee Catcher Bill Dickey. One morning, hoping to impress the star with his throwing arm, young Brooks wound up and threw a rolled-up paper at the Dickey's front porch. The paper landed on the roof. Robinson, now 33, has made few bad plays since. Last week, throwing, fielding and hitting like a man possessed, baseball's premier third baseman led the Baltimore Orioles to a four games-to-one World Series victory over the Cincinnati Reds with one of the most spectacular performances in the 67-year history of the Series.

The opener in Cincinnati's new Riverfront Stadium set the stage for a classic confrontation. The Orioles, blessed with three 20-game winners, had the stoppers—the best starting pitchers in baseball. The Reds, who slammed 191 home runs during the regular season, had the boppers—the strongest hitting team in baseball. Experts set the odds almost even—11-10 on Cincinnati. As it turned out, the Orioles should have been clear off the board. Determined to avenge last year's shattering Series defeat by the New York Mets, the Oriole pitchers stalled the vaunted Big Red Machine while their hitters reduced it to scrap. And the most destructive force of all was Brooks Robinson.

The Hard Way. In last year's Series, Robinson batted an anemic .053. This year, he more than made amends as he hit .429, scored five runs, batted in six others, and set a five-game Series record for most total bases (17), with two homers, two doubles and five singles. Hitting safely in every game, he also tied several other Series batting marks: most hits (9), most hits in one game (4), most extra-base hits (4), and most total bases on extra-base hits (12). Yet for all his prowess at the plate, it was in

the field that Robinson was most devastating. Time and again, just as the Reds began to get hot, Brooks stopped them cold with his brilliant glove work. Even so veteran a baseball man as Casey Stengel was awed. "He's the best third baseman I've seen in 20 or 30 years," said Casey, who offered some sage advice. "Don't hit it to that feller."

Cincinnati's Lee May had to learn the hard way. In the first game the muscular first baseman drilled a sure-fire double down the third-base line—or so he and 51,531 fans thought. In one lightning motion, Brooks whirled across the line, snared the ball backhand and threw off-balance to nip May at first. Next game, May hit another shot down the line that the lunging Robinson speared on one knee and turned into a double play. Rubbing it in, Robby the Robber stole another base hit from Cincinnati in the third game with an incredible diving catch that left the Reds talking to themselves. "That guy can field a ball with a pair of pliers," moaned Rightfielder Pete Rose. "The only way to hear him," added Catcher Johnny Bench, "is to hit it over his head." Bench should know. In the final game, the Reds' cleanup hitter powered a line smash toward left field only to see Robinson make yet another spectacular diving catch. Reds Manager Sparky Anderson summed up the Series in three little words: "Robinson beat us."

Which is not to say that the rest of the Orioles were standing idly by. Baltimore's Big Three—Jim Palmer, Mike Cuellar and Dave McNally—helped hold Cincinnati's vaunted sluggers to a meager .213 average and only five home runs. And Frank Robinson, Boog Powell and Paul Blair hacked a .292 Baltimore hitting attack that accounted for 50 hits and 33 runs. The Orioles' slug-

ging average of .509 was in fact a record for a five-game Series, as were their ten home runs. Even McNally got into the act as he became the first pitcher in Series history to hit a grand-slam home run.

Though the Orioles were not wanting for heroes, they agreed to a man that Brooks Calbert Robinson Jr. was the spark that ignited their attack—just as he has for most of his seasons at Baltimore. Son of a Little Rock fireman, Brooks was a star quarterback in high school who selected baseball over football and, ironically, the Orioles over the Reds, the one other team that was negotiating for him. Signed for a paltry \$4,000 at 18, he was so impressive that Umpire Ed Burley remarked after one game: "Robinson plays third like he came down from a higher league."

Lasting Memento. In 16 seasons, Robinson won the Gold Glove award ten times as the American League's best holding third baseman and has been elected to the league's All-Star team 13 times in succession. His best year was 1964, when he led the league in runs batted in (118), hit 28 home runs, batted .317, and was named the league's Most Valuable Player. This season he hit .276 and led the Orioles in hits with 168. Asked how much of his ability with the glove is acquired, the soft-spoken, balding Robinson says: "Not a whole lot, really. I mean, what can I or anybody else tell a major leaguer about picking up a ground ball? You either can or you can't."

That Robinson can and does better than anyone else around, was borne out by the message Baltimore fans inscribed on third base last week: "Brooks plays here." As a more lasting memento, Robinson was asked to turn in his glove so that it could be enshrined in the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y. Shrugged Brooks: "I guess I'll just have to break in a new glove in spring training."

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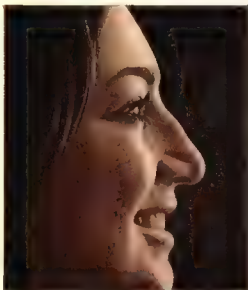
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BEHAVIOR



TUG OF WAR



MAD AT DAD

A Child's Guide to Divorce

If anything has increased faster than the U.S. divorce rate, it is the publication of books about divorce. In the past few years, books have been written specifically for the edification of the couple contemplating divorce, the divorced mother, the divorced father, the gay divorcee and the new bachelor. But no author has had any advice for those who are usually most affected by a family breakup: the 3,000,000 or more American children of divorced parents. Not, that is, until Child Psychiatrist Richard A. Gardner wrote the newly published *The Boys and Girls Book About Divorce* (Science House; \$7.95).

In his book, the New Jersey psychiatrist expresses views that are anything but conventional. He encourages his young readers to be suspicious when their divorced parents speak only good of each other, when no faults are acknowledged, a child may reasonably ask, "If he's such a great person, why did you divorce him?" Dr. Gardner also warns youngsters against parents who insist that an absent father or mother loves the child despite evidence to the contrary. The thing to do, he says, is to ask for honesty, since "if you hide from the truth, you can do nothing about your problems."

Uncaring Father. How can a child find out whether someone loves him? "Fathers who live close by but do not visit, and fathers who live far away and hardly ever call or write either do not love their children at all, or they love them very little." There is "something very wrong" with an uncaring parent, he deserves pity as well as anger, says Gardner, citing a patient who spoke of her uncaring father as "poor damn Dad." The psychiatrist's advice: seek love from those who can give it, and remember that if your father doesn't love you, "it does not mean that you are no good or that no one can love you."

As Gardner admits, such ideas are anxiety-provoking—to parents, not children. The same is true of four precepts for youngsters that are outlined in his text: do not believe everything your parents tell you; do not do everything

they want you to do; try to help yourself "feel better," but do not try too hard; use your anger to help you get what you want.

For the child who is told that divorce came about because he was bad, Gardner has blunt advice: "Do not believe it. If one of your parents says such a thing, it usually means he has problems of his own that make it hard for him to see things the way they really are." Nor is every bad thing "parents say about each other to be accepted uncritically: 'Be very careful to believe only those things you are very sure of, or that you see yourself.'"

Best Answer. Questioned by one parent about whether the other is dating or spending a lot of money, a child had best answer: "Please stop trying to turn me into a tattletale." A son asked to spend all night in his mother's bed should "tell her that she should find a grownup man instead," and a daughter treated by her mother as an adult confidante "should suggest that her mother find friends her own age."

To Gardner, children are not helpless victims. Instead of wasting time "blaming people for things that happened in the past, things that cannot be changed," they can "start doing the things that will make the future happier." They can, for example, "make it their business to find friends so that they'll be less lonely." But they must observe W.C. Fields' rule: It at first you don't succeed, try, try again; if after that, you still don't succeed, forget it. One thing to give up on rather quickly, the author suggests, is trying to get parents to remark on their, particularly when they have repeatedly said that this will not happen.

Before abandoning more reasonable goals, a child may try using his anger as a tool. For instance, a little girl angry at her father because he is always late for visits may persuade him to come earlier if she tells him how cross she is—but she had better use "words more polite than those which first came to your mind." Successful or not, she should remember that despite what children imagine, "angry thoughts cannot harm anyone"—nor can wishes,

common to children, that a parent get sick and die.

Purple Hair. Anger does not always work. It is useless against playmates who taunt the child of divorce as different, strange or even sinful. But Gardner trusts the child's sense of his own worth to sustain him. "You are what you are, not necessarily what people say you are," he writes. "If someone were to say that your hair was purple and your skin green, this would not make your hair purple and your skin green."

Behind the Auto Mask

In civilized society, the most effective curb on a man's behavior may be the scrutiny of his fellow man. It is only behind his mask that the Mardi Gras reveler loses his inhibitions and dares to act as he feels. So it is with today's driver, says one of Germany's leading sociologists. To reduce the slaughter of "that guerrilla war we call traffic," Bielefeld University Professor Helmut Schelsky advocates doing away with anonymity on the highway. How? As a first step, he would put names instead of number plates on cars. At the very least, he would let the police give out, on request, names corresponding to license numbers, or, as in Switzerland, publish license directories.

The problem, says Schelsky, is that the car is depersonalizing. It leads to aggression because drivers "no longer meet each other on a person-to-person basis, but remain anonymous behind the mask of an apparatus called the automobile. People who would be very polite to each other meeting face to face in a doorway will turn into aggressive idiots behind the wheel." The solution? To complement the three big Es (engineering, enforcement, education) with two big Ps—personalization and politicization.

In his personalization drive, Schelsky would invoke the force of peer-group pressure: he would make good driving socially rewarding, dangerous driving socially reprehensible, perhaps by keeping a man's friends posted on his "driving morality." Explains the professor: "If in his own office, a person is considered an exemplary driver or an antisocial one, this may carry more weight than a discount on car insurance or a secretly paid fine."

Victims of Technology. By way of politicization, Schelsky envisions demonstrations against unsafe driving like those against the Viet Nam War. Such devices, he believes, would help the public recognize the enormity of traffic casualties. "Why," he asks, "do the war dead arouse more protest in us than the victims of technology?"

Even if a safer car results from Ralph Nader's campaign, Schelsky foresees no significant reduction in accidents without personalization and politicization. It is behavior that must be changed, he says, because it is man, not the machine that is at fault.



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THE LAW

No Teaching, No Tuition

Roger Paynter, a 49-year-old New York City fireman with a son at New York University, was outraged when N.Y.U. canceled his son's classes for 19 days amid the national wave of campus protests over Cambodia and Kent State. "I paid for my son's education and the university should make it available to him," he said. As a result Paynter sued N.Y.U. in the city's small claims court, asking for 19 days' worth of his money back. According to the university its catalogue clearly stated that academic programs and requirements were subject to change without notice. But last week Judge Patrick Picariello ruled that N.Y.U. had "breached its contract." He awarded Paynter \$277.40 plus \$17.01 interest and court costs. N.Y.U. promised to appeal, and other universities would be well advised to help foot its legal bills. As Paynter himself suggested "This could represent a test case. After all, thousands of students all over the country were denied classes last year."

Politics and Poverty

For five years the Legal Services Program of the Office of Economic Opportunity has championed the rights of the poor with one hand, while fending off attacks from local and state governments with the other. Now, Legal Services lawyers feel that they need a third hand to repel an assault from a new quarter: the OEO itself.

The latest challenge developed five months ago, when a senior OEO official announced a plan that threatened to take authority for funding and policy direction away from National Legal Services Director Terry Lenzner and parcel it out to OEO's 10 regional direc-

tors. All are political appointees, and only two are lawyers. Opposition to the plan quickly welled up among Legal Services' 2,000 salaried lawyers, most of them young activists. In addition, officers of the American Bar Association and the National Legal Aid and Defender Association deluged OEO Director Donald Rumsfeld with embarrassing questions.

Administrative Shuffle. The greatest fear is that decentralization would make Legal Services more vulnerable to pressure from city halls and statehouses. "When a difficult case comes up, like suing Governor Reagan," says one A.B.A. representative, "there's a tremendous amount of political pressure. A regional OEO director can't resist it without an attorney can. And when a legal program has to start giving in to political pressure, you might just as well junk the whole program."

To many Legal Services supporters, the decentralization proposal is a new version of last year's attempt by the Senate to give Governors final veto power over local Legal Services programs. That plan was defeated in the House.

The present controversy smoldered more or less privately until the Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower and Poverty summoned OEO Director Rumsfeld to explain his intentions. Rumsfeld insisted that "regionalization is merely an administrative shuffle, not an emasculation. He stressed that the independence of the Legal Services attorneys would not be impaired. Anyway, he added, the matter is still "an open question." Nevertheless, Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota produced a confidential memo from one of Rumsfeld's lieutenants treating decentralization as a virtual *fait accompli* and outlining pro-

cedures to carry it out. Rumsfeld denied that the memo contradicted his position.

Behind all the battling is the fact that many of the 850 neighborhood Legal Services offices are suing local and state government agencies on behalf of their indigent clients. At issue are legal rights to everything from welfare to public housing and health care. Such zeal prompted a regional OEO director's unsuccessful attempts to hold up funds for Chicago's Legal Services program until he could extract a promise not to sue the city. In addition, some Legal Services firebrands have alienated conservative elements in their communities of militants.

Poor and Pugnacious. Rather than repudiate such aggressiveness, Legal Services national headquarters encourages it. "We're telling them not to sit back behind their desks and wait for problems to come into their neighborhood offices," says National Director Lenzner.

Despite run-ins with government agencies and recent shortages of funds, Legal Services has doubled its case load, from 610,000 in 1969 to an estimated 1,200,000 next year. In 1971, the program is expected to reach 28% of the nation's poor, compared with 14% in 1969. Meanwhile, the cost per case to taxpayers has dropped from \$75 to \$59.

Largely because of its success, the program has been able to retain its independence. Until now, however, it enjoyed the active protection of its parent OEO. Rumsfeld says that he is not likely to decide on decentralization until he hears the results of a study by the National Advisory Council for his legal services later this month. He may further defer the matter until after the November elections. But Legal Services lawyers fear that they will soon, in the words of Terry Hatter Jr. of Los Angeles' Western Center on Law and Poverty, "end up handling nothing but divorces."

End of a Custom

When Chief Justice Earl Warren ran the Supreme Court, he particularly enjoyed an old ritual: the formal welcoming of lawyers newly admitted to practice before the nation's highest tribunal. The lawyers loved Warren's warm remarks, which papered over the fact that admission is a relatively meaningless honor. All it takes is two sponsors, three years' good standing before the highest court of a state, and a \$25 fee. Few lawyers actually practice before the Supreme Court, but those who are admitted proudly receive a suitable-framing certificate to adorn the office wall for all potential clients to see.

Warren Burger doubtless shared his predecessor's pleasure in the welcoming ceremony. But last term the ritual grew so popular that it involved 3,965 lawyers and typically consumed half an hour of every four-hour Supreme Court session. Last week the court decided to curb the century-old custom. Though



OEO FAMILY LAW CENTER IN LOS ANGELES
A third hand needed for the threat within

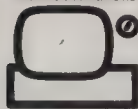
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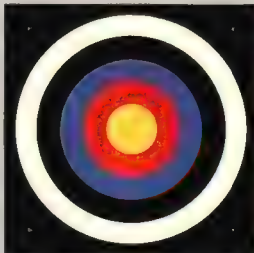
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we are including all of these 16 models under our new Purchaser Satisfaction program—"PS" for short—covering both parts and labor for a full year (see box).

If you are even thinking of buying color TV, you must consider 100% solid state AccuColor, the most dependable, most vivid, most consistently accurate, and most automatic color in our history.

ONE YEAR PARTS AND LABOR COVERAGE ON ACCUCOLOR® "TRANS VISTA" MODELS—BASIC WARRANTY PROVISIONS

PS For one full year from the date of purchase, RCA Corporation warrants to the first retail purchaser that it will pay all labor charges for repair of defects and will make available replacements for any defective parts in AccuColor Trans Vista models. (If the picture tube becomes defective within two years, it will be exchanged for a rebuilt picture tube.) Installation and set-up, foreign use, antenna systems and adjustment of customer controls are not included. To obtain warranty benefits contact your RCA dealer or the service agency of your choice with your Warranty Registration Card.

RCA

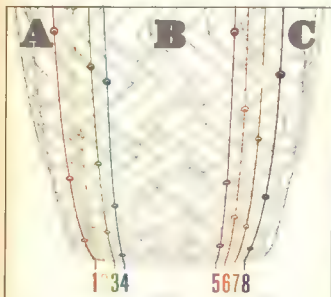
Solid State AccuColor 

**Firestone's new "asymmetrical"
Town & Country: The first important
improvement in winter-tire design
in over 20 years!**

**What's so much better about it?
Better starting. Better steering.
Better stopping. Better traction.**

Why an "asymmetrical" design?

Take a good look at the tread of this wide, new Town & Country* tire. You'll see three different designs: A. The outside shoulder. B. The center. C. The inside shoulder. This unusual engineering lets the new Town & Country charge through deep snow and dig through slush and mud. The remarkable wide-tread design also greatly increases tire mileage and gives you much finer handling when you're on dry roads.



**The "asymmetrical" design gives you
8 rows of studs instead of only 6.**

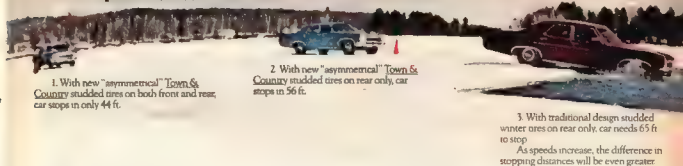
This wider, new Town & Country tread permits the placement of 112 ice-gripping studs instead of only 84, in eight rows instead of only six. That's why this new tire can give more secure footing on ice, whether you use four or just the usual two on the rear.

Put this new tire on all four wheels!

The "asymmetrical" design allows you to put this new tire on all four wheels. Why do it? The National Safety Council strongly recommends studded tires (where local laws permit) on all four wheels because on most cars the majority of your braking power



Even at only 12 mph you can stop much quicker on ice! Tests show:



1. With new "asymmetrical" Town & Country studded tires on both front and rear, car stops in only 44 ft.

2. With new "asymmetrical" Town & Country studded tires on rear only, car stops in 56 ft.

3. With traditional design studded winter tires on rear only, car needs 65 ft to stop.

As speeds increase, the difference in stopping distances will be even greater.

and steering control comes from the front wheels. What does this mean to you? Shorter stopping distance on ice and greater control on icy curves.

Longer mileage at turnpike speeds.

This new Town & Country has a special new "flat contour" tread design for a quieter ride, longer mileage and better handling even at turnpike speeds, whether you're on wet or dry roads.

You go through ice, mud, or snow or we pay the tow!

Firestone's new "asymmetrical" Town & Country will get you there and get you back and let you start, steer and stop better than any other winter tire we've ever made. Another pleasant surprise is that when you ask for the new Town & Country at your local Firestone dealer or store you'll find that it sells for no more than you'd expect to pay for any fine winter tire.

The finest winter tire you can buy:

It's designed for maximum control by permitting the use of studded winter tires on all 4 wheels.



Tests prove that 4 studded "asymmetrical" tires can stop up to 32% better on ice than 2 traditional design studded winter tires.

The new "asymmetrical" Town & Country tire provides positive handling, long wear, and a smooth, quiet ride on any road, wet or dry, even at turnpike speeds.

(All comparisons relate to the previous Firestone Town & Country tire.)

Firestone
The Mileage Specialist.

He's learning that there's more to atomic energy than atomic bombs.



For many people, the atomic age began at Hiroshima

But for thousands of kids, a new kind of atomic age is beginning.

Because of a Union Carbide discovery called the Minigenerator.

It produces atomic energy in the form of radioisotopes.

Recently, as part of a long research program into the uses of atomic energy, we discovered that we could make radioisotope generators almost as small as we wanted.

Which gave us an idea. Make one small enough and safe enough to be used in schools.

So that kids could learn for themselves how radioisotopes are used in industry, agriculture and medicine.

How they can be used to detect cancer,

and how they can be used to measure the thickness of the wall of a space capsule.

We didn't do it for completely unselfish reasons, though.

We're a corporation. The Minigenerator is only a by-product of our nuclear research effort. And we make a small profit on it, as we do on our other educational aids.

But we also hope the human race will profit, too.

By showing some kids a power once used to bring death.

And teaching them how it can bring a better life.



THE DISCOVERY COMPANY
270 Park Ave. New York, N.Y. 10017

lawyers may still appear personally, they will now be encouraged to apply by mail and receive their admission certificates from the postman, not the Chief Justice. The change will satisfy efficiency experts, but somehow it gives the whole enterprise the feel of a mail-order diploma mill.

Significant Silence

In some ways, the Supreme Court's most important work is deciding when not to decide. Last year the court accepted only 3% of the 4,202 cases that came before it; this year that rate may decrease partly because Chief Justice Burger feels that he and his colleagues are too overwhelmed to consider anything but the most crucial issues. Even so, many rejected cases also raise significant questions. Although the court almost never explains its reasons, court watchers find that rejections sometimes imply significant answers. Last week, as the court settled into its new term, three such turndowns seemed especially interesting.

► Just before becoming 16, Rudy Rios was tried in Texas for smashing a car window. Repairing the damage cost \$788, but the juvenile court authorized his confinement in reform school for up to five years. Had he been tried at age 17 as an adult, the maximum penalty would have been a year in prison or a \$1,000 fine. The question his lawyers had hoped the court would settle was whether or not Rudy had been deprived of his 14th Amendment right to equal protection of the law and his Eighth Amendment right not to suffer cruel and unusual punishment. If nothing else, the court's silence leaves intact a dubious juvenile-law procedure in Texas.

► After being convicted of selling marijuana, Los Angeles Butcher Joe Perkins appealed to the court to strike down the California anti-pot law on the grounds, among others, that marijuana belongs in "a zone of mental or sensory privacy" that the state cannot properly invade. With the failure of the court to hear his pot protestations, Perkins will have to serve his five-year-to-life sentence.

► As part of their rock-group image, Michael Jackson and Barry Barnes wore long hair, sideburns and mustaches. Authorities at their Nashville, Tenn., high school did not dig the getup and suspended the boys. Arguing that the hair was necessary to their musical careers and in any case was protected by the First Amendment's free-speech guarantee, Jackson and Barnes went to court. But neither trial nor appeals judges were turned on by the musicians' plaint. Last week the Supreme Court also turned a deaf ear; so the school's long-hair ban stands. Four months ago, however, the court refused to review a Wisconsin decision that struck down a high school long hair ban (TIME, June 15). The conclusion seems to be that the court does not care about hair, short or long.

THE PRESS

Orangeburg Relived

After four students at Kent State University were killed and nine were wounded by National Guardsmen last May, the incident stayed on the front pages of newspapers for weeks. Even today, five months later, the aftermath of the confrontation still makes news. But when students at the predominantly black South Carolina State College in Orangeburg clashed with police on Feb. 8, 1968, newsmen covered the event sparsely, inaccurately, or not at all. Though three students were killed in Orangeburg and 27 others were wounded, the tragedy was effectively ignored by most of the world.

It was neither ignored nor forgotten by

ing itself, the victims, the subsequent investigation and the trial of the policemen charged with imposing summary punishment without due process of law. They interviewed nearly everyone involved.

Bass managed to weed out the false rumors that had plagued Orangeburg in the days before the shooting. The presence of Black Militant Cleveland Sellers organizer for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, had led to tales of outside agitation; two thrill-seeking white teen-agers had roared across the black campus firing a gun; a highway patrolman had fired a warning shot into the air; rifle fire had been heard from adjoining Claflin University. State authorities blamed Cleveland Sellers, even though



DYING VICTIMS AT SOUTH CAROLINA STATE COLLEGE
Frustration, resentment, apathy, misunderstanding.

Jack Nelson of the Los Angeles *Times* or Jack Bass of the Charlotte (N.C.) *Observer*. Both reporters are experienced muckrakers, but in their book *The Orangeburg Massacre* (World; \$7.95), published this week, Nelson and Bass find no heroes and no villains. In documentary prose, they spin out the entangling web of frustration, resentment and misunderstanding that began with an attempt to integrate a white bowling alley.

On the ground. When both Nelson and Bass arrived in Orangeburg to report the incident, they found that an initial Associated Press report of a gun battle between students and police was wrong. The only injured policeman had been hit by a piece of broken banister, and all but two or three of the students had been shot in the back or in the soles of their feet, while they were lying on the ground. Bass took the first part of the book, the chapters leading up to the shooting. Nelson covered the last half, the shoot-

the only available evidence suggested that on the night of the shooting, Sellers was actually a victim. The trial verdict on the policemen's role in the shooting was "not guilty."

Furious Hoover, Nelson was well into his part of the book before he realized that the FBI's role in investigating the tragedy was not exactly in the best German tradition. He accused the FBI agents of misleading the Justice Department, lying about their presence during the riot and afterward "maintaining disconcertingly close relations with the state law-enforcement officials" they were investigating. To Nelson, it seemed highly improper that Charles DeFord, the agent who was investigating the charges against the State Law Enforcement

* The only major figures to refuse interviews: Governor Robert E. McNair and J.P. ("Pete") Strom, head of the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division.

Man meet road. Road meet man.

Spend a lot of time on the road. Barrelling over it. Not complaining with it.

With the right car, a spirited, well-disciplined machine, you and the road can have a steady dialogue with each other.

There is no small element of involvement in the sensitive anticipation of changing terrain, curves and traffic conditions.

Enter, the Renault 10. \$17,995. 25 MPG, 4-wheel disc brakes and independent suspension. That's all

your head has to know for now.


To know how it can be between you and the road, the ride, the feel, the handling, is a matter of touch and gut reaction.

Your local Renault dealer is ready to introduce you to the road.

*Suggested retail price. P.D.T. taxes, freight, options (such as whitewalls, radio, etc.) and dealer delivery charges \$5,995. Renault Inc., 100 Spring Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.



ROAD LOVE

RENAULT 

Division, was sharing a motel room with SFD Chief Strom.

When Bass and Nelson submitted their manuscript to World, the publishers sent out a promotional release emphasizing the criticism of the FBI. Two days later, Bass was asked by an FBI friend in Columbia if he could photocopy the book for "Mr. Hoover." Bass agreed, and was soon rewarded by a long, furious letter from FBI Boss J. Edgar Hoover: "The book is so biased in its attempt to smear the FBI," said an angry Hoover, "that it raises serious questions as to the competence and objectivity of the authors." After a rebuttal by Bass, Hoover signed off a second letter with "[Your book] reminds me of the 'scissors-and-paste' method of writing and arguing. As you certainly are familiar with this particular method, there is no need of my elaborating upon it."

The book smacks more of hard work than of puste; besides, there was precious little published material about Orangeburg to cut up. Bass plans no further reply to Hoover. As for Nelson, he has not heard from Hoover at all.

Muckraker's Progress

The fact that J. Edgar Hoover addressed his complaints about *The Orangeburg Massacre* only to Jack Bass is no mere coincidence. The FBI stopped talking to Jack Nelson last year—an acknowledgment of his more than 20 years of extraordinary muckraking in the South.

Nelson began the practice as soon as he got out of high school in Biloxi, Miss., in 1947. As a reporter for the Biloxi *Daily Herald*, he probed the city's gambling so effectively that it was finally investigated by Senator Estes Kefauver's peripatetic investigating committee. In 1953, at the Atlanta *Constitution*, he wrote a devastating exposé of vice and corruption in Hinesville, Ga. Directly or indirectly, his story resulted in no many grand jury indictments (44) of Hinesville's citizens that when Nelson turned up to cover the proceedings, he was mobbed by the townspeople. Spread-eagled across the hood of a car by a deputy sheriff while the locals yelled for his blood, Nelson appealed to a passing judge to arrest his attacker. "What's the name of your assailant?" asked the judge. When Nelson confessed he didn't know, the judge said, "Sorry. I can't write out an arrest warrant without a name." A Hinesville policeman finally saved him from lynching, though not from eventual arrest by vengeful deputies, who charged him with, among other things, raping B-girls.

Operating Nurses. After Hinesville, Nelson zeroed in on lottery rings, voting frauds, gambling, prostitution and governmental corruption. Once, when his sleuthing turned up a long-missing road scraper that the Georgia Bureau of Investigation had been unable to find, the *Constitution* published a map showing the GBI where it could find its machine. Next day the GBI sheepishly

picked it up and charged a guilty contractor several thousand dollars for "renting" state property.

In 1959 Nelson wrote a series of articles charging Milledgeville (Ga.) Central State Hospital with using experimental drugs on mental patients without the permission or knowledge of relatives, hiring doctors who used alcohol and drugs on duty, even letting nurses perform major surgery when doctors were absent. The resulting furor ended with the resignation of Milledgeville's chief surgeon and seven other doctors. The hospital superintendent retired, and the hospital was removed from the jurisdiction of the graft-ridden public welfare department and transferred to the public health department. Nelson's Milledgeville exposé won him a Pulitzer Prize "for distinguished local reporting under deadline pressure."

Sour Relations. In 1965, after a series of pieces on Georgia marriage mills, Nelson was hired by the Los Angeles *Times*. He opened a *Times* bureau in Atlanta where he concentrated on civil rights. During the 1960s he had admired the FBI. Says he, "If the threat of the FBI hadn't been around, it could have been a lot worse for civil rights workers." But last February the relationship soured. Nelson had learned that the FBI had given two Ku Klux Klansmen \$36,500 to persuade Kathy Ainsworth, a fellow Kluxer, to dynamite the home of a Jewish businessman in Meridian, Miss. When Mrs. Ainsworth appeared with her dynamic, a gun battle ensued during which she was shot to death by Meridian policemen. Nelson's story of entrapment and the use of agents provocateurs raised more moral and legal questions than the FBI was prepared to answer. Ever since, Nelson has been on the FBI's list of untouchable people.

Chancellor of the Exchequer

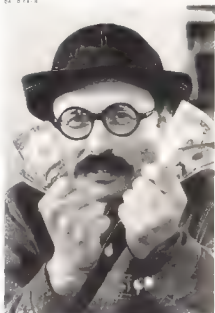
Some day, somebody like Ralph Ginzburg will publish the best promotions of Ralph Ginzburg. It will include blurbs for *Eros*, the hard-cover quarterly "devoted to the joys of love"; *Fact*, the magazine that would "not hesitate to ask 'Where are the emperor's clothes?'" and *Avant-Garde*, the journal pledged to generate "an orgasm of the mind." And it will certainly include Ginzburg's pitches for his newest publishing venture, a consumer newsletter called *Moneyworth*.

Full-page ads appearing in magazines and newspapers across the country carry the headline: YOU'RE BEING ROBBED! The text explains, "Commercial flamboyance is rife throughout the nation and the American consumer is being victimized as never before." What to do about it? Subscribe, says the ad, to *Moneyworth*, "your own personal consumer

envoyer, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one. Some 80,000 people have already forked over \$5 for a "special, introductory" one-year subscription to the forthrightly Question is, are they getting their money's worth?

In its skimpy four pages, the first issue carries only three of the 100 items touted by the ads. One piece tells how to buy a new car for just \$125 more than dealer's cost, a tale oft told since 1965, when the system was first devised. Another is a cursory compilation of already available information on legal abortions. A "hard look" at the best buys in 35-mm. cameras neglects to explain the basis for the ratings.

Fortcoming issues promise to be no better. "*Moneyworth's* investigators,"



PUBLISHER GINZBURG
"You're being robbed!"

the magazine claims, evaluated three new U.S. minicars. *Fact* is, the tests involved only one "investigator." Sam Julty, a freelance New York writer-broadcaster. He had the use of a Pinto, which gets top rating, for just two hours. And, though Julty is a former automobile mechanic and service manager, he merely looked under the hoods at the engines. "I would call my report," he says, "a poor man's version of what *Consumer Reports* does. I did not have the facilities to do a comprehensive job. I wish I had."

Julty may never get them working for *Moneyworth*. Sitting in his Manhattan office behind a door marked DANGER HIGH VOLTAGE! Ginzburg twits the techniques of the nation's leading consumer publication. "*Consumer Reports* sometimes leaves the reader more confused than when he started," he said. "They overload him with conflicting facts. They still leave the choice to the reader. We don't—we make it for him."

¹ Only *Avant-Garde* survives. *Eros* ended in 1963, after four issues. Its brief life contributed to Ginzburg's being convicted of pandering through the mails (an appeal is still pending). *Fact* folded in 1967, three years after Barry Goldwater initiated a libel suit that eventually cost Ginzburg nearly \$92,000.

TV & RADIO

A First for Cavett

Dick Cavett has long been the Adlai Stevenson of television. He is a cultivated wit who could not bring himself to talk down to anyone or get anyone to pick up his option. ABC, to its credit, kept giving Cavett another chance—three times in different talk-show slots.

The first, a 1968 morning show, was canceled after ten money-losing months. The second, at mid-evening, lasted four months. Then, last December, Cavett was given one last shot—in late-night competition with NBC's Johnny Carson and CBS's Merv Griffin. That seemed like a more logical hour for Cavett's sophisticated approach, but many of ABC's affiliated stations undermined the network on the assumption that more advertising dollars were to be had by running old movies. Some 30 outlets declined to carry the Cavett show at all; many stations that did (including those in Boston, Miami and Pittsburgh) delayed it until 1 a.m. Naturally, the ABC late-night show—which had been a profit maker with Cavett's predecessor Joey Bishop—sank into the red.

ABC stuck with the program, although the industry had written it off. Cavett, who had been pressing too hard for laughs in the first months of the show, finally relaxed and hit his stride. Sponsors came aboard. The A.C. Nielsen Co. ratings were still disappointing, but surveys showed that Cavett viewers tended to be relatively well-to-do urbanites, and thus attractive to advertisers.

Late last summer, the program reached the break-even point. And this week the network is set to announce

OSCAR & STEWARDESS



CAVETT WITH WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMEN

that Cavett will get a one-year contract renewal—the first in his entire career. Exulted Dick. "We've come a long way from the time I had A.C. Nielsen as a guest on the show and had to introduce myself."

The Odd Squad

In Televisionland, inspiration seldom soars higher than a flying nun and quality is usually borrowed, not born. Thus it should be no surprise that the season's liveliest new situation comedy is an ABC adaptation of Neil Simon's five-year-old play, *The Odd Couple*. The success is not simply Simon's, the only writing he does for the weekly program is his name on the back of a weekly royalty check. The real source of the *Odd Couple*'s life is the most empathetic team of situation comedians since Gleason and Carney. They are Tony Randall and Jack Klugman, and they combine total understanding of the play (in which they both performed) with contempt for the accustomed mechanical sickness of most TV comedy.

The stars' prime concern has been to avoid defamation of characters. Both of them are friends of Simon's brother, Danny, a TV writer whose divorce gave Simon the idea for *Odd Couple*. Danny became Felix, the fussy journalist who after splitting with his wife, moves in with Oscar, an untidy sportswriter-divorcee; the two, in turn and in caricature unconsciously re-enact their failed marriages. Klugman once kidded Danny Simon: "Jesus, actors are ashamed to play the part of Felix." Replied Danny: "I was ashamed to live it."

Randall can play Felix almost by reflex action. The big problem is to keep

From left: Attorney General John Mitchell and Presidential Aides Robert Finch and Herb Klein

KLUGMAN & RANDALL



INTERVIEWING DYAN CANNON

the series' scriptwriters from turning the neuroathletic homemaker into a Mr. Belvedere, a kind of prissy know-it-all. "I must remain a kind of male Jewish mother, manipulating others as hysterical people do," says Randall. At the same time, he adds, Klugman has had to resist a depiction of Oscar as "excessively crass and vulgar, an unattractive middle-aged girl chaser. In the play, he is really a sensitive man. His sloppiness is merely neurotic."

Randall and Klugman thus spend the first day of work on every episode repairing the writing. When one script in the latest TV mode, made a cynical and token pass at the nation's racial troubles, the stars gagged and turned the circumstance into parody: the black athlete became a token Eskimo. Randall and Klugman also lose battles. They were embarrassed by the third segment in the series, which lost bits of subtle humor to give more time to a leering portrayal of Oscar hustling an airline stewardess. The actors condemn the use of canned laughter as "an atrocity" and fume at the network's excision of the characters' children from the story. Randall complains that "ABC Standards & Practices says that divorced people don't have children. In the play, the fact that the men had children placed the beam of heartbreak under the structure."

The pair's passionate involvement with characterization suggests, rightly, that each sees himself in his part. About the only discrepancy is that both are long and apparently happily married. Randall, 46, like Felix, is compulsively neat, he is never without a Chap Stick ("a touch of security") and preaches against smoking. "You'll hate me for it," he explained to Klugman after ordering him to douse his



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**New York—Chicago—
Honolulu**
Weekends in December

Mpls./St. Paul—Chicago
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Daily flights in December

Northwest's magnificent 747 brings a new dimension in comfort to air travel. Wider seats, 8 foot ceilings, two wide aisles, 12 powder rooms, private stereo* movies on Pacific flights* and in first class, a spiral staircase to a red carpeted lounge.

For reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest Orient.

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NORTHWEST ORIENT 747
come up where the flying's beautiful



If you were born in Thetford Mines, Que., 50



years ago, there's a good chance you wouldn't be alive today.

Fifty years ago, one of every three babies in Thetford Mines lucky enough to be born alive didn't live to see its first birthday.

Fifty years ago, we at Metropolitan Life realized the inconsistency of insuring parents while children were dying. So we came to Thetford Mines to give babies a better chance of survival.

We set up schools and clinics where mothers learned how to replace old wives' tales with modern medicine.

How to care for babies before they were born.

What to do when newborn babies got sick.

How to clean, feed and dress them so they wouldn't get sick in the first place.

And after three years, instead of 1 in 3 babies dying, 9 out of 10 lived.

But unfortunately, infant mortality is still a problem elsewhere.

So we're still helping mothers learn the kind of lessons we taught in Thetford Mines fifty years ago. And because of it, children are playing on ground they might otherwise be buried under.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

Dan Torisky and friends have arranged for you to spend a fun-filled vacation at a home for the mentally retarded.

Dan had one of *those* ideas. The kind of idea that sits around just waiting for somebody to pounce on it. An idea for solving a problem our world has lugged around for centuries.

The idea?

First, pick a state or national park. Build some tourist cabins or motels there and surround them with recreational facilities. For swimming, fishing, golfing—you name it.

Second, man this vacation village with an unusual staff of maintenance people. All of them capable. All of them mentally retarded or physically handicapped. Their job: To mow the grass. Change the linen. Manicure the greens. Work in the restaurants. They would live in their own motel units apart from the tourist complex. And, as with any job, pick up a paycheck for their work.

Naturally, Dan's plan also includes a supervisory staff who would evaluate work performance and oversee year-

round educational and occupational programs for the employees.

Who gains? Everybody. Dan's plan moves people who need not be institutionalized out into the world. Into one of the least tension-provoking settings imaginable. It also opens up room in our overcrowded state hospitals for people who *should* be in institutions.

At the same time it builds tourist revenues. Motels are to be franchised under a profit-sharing arrangement with the state. This helps to fund mental health programs after the construction investment is amortized. Since workers are to be paid, they in turn can help pay for their own special care. And they'll pay taxes, too. As well as build a social security nest egg for themselves.

The way Dan sees it, the plan might eventually pay for the state's entire mental health program.

Dan isn't alone now. The minute he started talking about the idea for his

home state, his list of supporters began to grow. First his wife. Then the Lieutenant Governor. Then a national motel chain. Directors of Pennsylvania's Western State School and Hospital. Newspaper editors. Politicians at all levels. Business and labor leaders. Conservationists and sportsmen. And, perhaps most important, parents of handicapped people all over the state. The list now reads like a "Who's Who in Pennsylvania." With that kind of support, how can a good idea fail?

Right now, you're looking at a site in Otocsin State Park, provided for development by Pennsylvania's Department of Forests and Waters. God and the state legislature willing, this is where Dan's dream starts to come true.

Sometime next summer when you're breezing across Interstate 80 in central Pennsylvania, stop in for a good time. For an hour. A day. A week.

Dan will be there a lot. He'll be visiting his son.

There are more than 5,000 people waiting to enter Pennsylvania's mental institutions. It's the same story in almost all the other 49 states.

Dan Torisky and his committee of eight have a pamphlet that describes the plan as originally conceived and presented to backers. It'll work anywhere. Clip the coupon and send for it. Read it. Then tell somebody about it. Maybe your neighbor. Your state legislator. Or your governor. But somebody. That's the way Dan did it.

Dan Torisky
c/o Lando, Inc.
725 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222

Dan,
I'd like to read more about your plan.
Send me your pamphlet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dan Torisky is an account manager at Lando, Inc., Pittsburgh marketing, advertising and public relations agency. The agency that felt this story had to be told.

cigar. "But you'll be a much better man." Randall's other causes are opera, ballet and peace politics. He was a friend of Jack and Bob Kennedy, campaigned for Eugene McCarthy, and is now working for such antiwar candidates as New York Congressman Allard Lowenstein. Fans should not be misled by his old Doris Day movies, his recordings of "mothball music" just this side of Tiny Tim, and his nuthall performances on TV talk shows. Tony Randall is a serious actor whose dream is to wind up in a good repertory company.

Gidget's Vibrotor. Klugman, 48, like Oscar, claims to be a slob. But, says Randall, "he really isn't," although his dressing room does look like a locker room, and his dress is sloppy. After Lyndon Johnson "let me down," Klugman's major commitments have been apolitical—playing the horses and his work. Long a highly regarded character actor (he and Randall first met in the cast of a Philco Playhouse drama 20 years ago), Jack became more widely known in films following his role as Ali McGraw's father in *Goodbye, Columbus*.

Like so many of their New York-trained colleagues, Randall and Klugman loathe Hollywood and were overjoyed to be back East last week, after wrapping up their 15th show. As has often been proved, the good usually die young on TV, and the shaky ratings so far give no guarantee that Klugman and Randall will be recalled to the Coast to shoot No. 16. But the show is climbing and should continue to move up once the opposing CBS movie series runs out of blockbuster films (*Butterfield 8*, *The Dirty Dozen* so far). "Just watch us," says Randall, "when CBS is down to *Gidget Buys a Vibrator*."

Klugman, though admitting that "if I'm ever going to get rich, it's going to be in a series," is philosophical about the ratings sweepstakes. "I wouldn't want a success doing a cockamamie show I couldn't respect," he says. "If Tony and I fail, we have failed first-class."

Silence in Houston

Some of the most enterprising public service radio programming in recent years has come from the listener-supported FM stations of the Pacifica Foundation. They tackle controversial issues from all sides, broadcast disk jockeys who are knowledgeable as well as funny, and put on first-rate readings from literature. Their news, drawn from their own Washington bureau, has unusual freshness. All this went well at the original Pacifica station in Berkeley, Calif., and at the two newer ones in Los Angeles and Manhattan. But last March, the foundation got into Texas—and trouble.

KPFT Houston tried to continue the Pacifica tradition. Though its management was anti-war and pro-civil rights, it offered equal (and free) time to opposing groups, including the Ku Klux Klan. The station's gravest sin was the amateurism of its largely volunteer staff,

which tended to stumble over music introductions and play tapes backward. That hardly seemed enough to earn it the enmity of the community. Yet twice within its first seven months, the KPFT transmitter was dynamited out of business. The first bombing, in May, silenced it for four weeks. The second, this month, threatened a longer, perhaps permanent silence.

The latest blast was unquestionably the work of pros. It knocked out a broadcast blockhouse that had been specially fortified with concrete and boobytrapped with alarms and electric-shock devices after the first incident. As a result, the insurance company—which raised the station's annual premium from \$750 to \$2,200 after the first bombing—canceled



BOMBED PACIFICA RADIO STATION
A throwback to barbarism.

its coverage. That move brought the threat of repossession of KPFT's surviving equipment. Other Houston stations became more leary than ever of sharing facilities and antenna towers with the Pacifica outlet.

KPFT Manager Larry Lee figures, without much hope, that the station's future depends upon the capture and stiff sentencing of its assailants. But in its adversity, KPFT has won new and widespread supporters of its own. The Houston Post ran an editorial condemning the sabotage as "a throwback to barbarism reminiscent of the book burning of Hitler's Germany." The Post has also offered a \$1,500 reward for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of the culprits.

So far, KPFT has raised \$6,000 locally and gotten a tentative offer of insurance from a convortum, plus financial support from national groups. Some 250 Houston listeners have subscribed at \$20 per year (\$12 for students). Still, KPFT subscribers cannot expect to tune in to their station again for six weeks at the earliest.

MODERN LIVING

The Long Way Out

All through the summer the questions loomed over the fashion horizon: Whither the midi? Would autumn, and the return to real clothes, find women taking the downward drift in stride, their muslin in mothballs, their legs in hiding? Designers scoffed at alternatives, and so-called smart stores had little else in stock. But October is here and almost gone, and only the leaves are falling, skirts are just about as short as ever. All told, the mid-calf hemline seems clearly a long-lost proposition.

The verdict is nationwide. New York's *Daily News*, whose pollsters have mis-

month, a cool three out of 450 lady guests turned up in midis; the rest brazened it out in long gowns or pants. Even the handful of long skirts sold at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills, Calif., are being shortened before being taken out in public. Says a company spokesman, "We're doing more alterations now than at any time in the history of the store."

In part, the resistance to the midi was caused by the all-out, hard-sell approach. "It was presented as a look that had to be very carefully accessorized, very carefully put together," contends Los Angeles *Times* Fashion Writer Alan Cartnal. "Now who's going to bother with that at a time when

are saying, 'We're going to resist.'"

The fat cats themselves tried to produce a palatable way to sidestep the midi in a last-gasp promotion of "a wardrobe of many lengths." Women who never did regard their knees as national assets can settle for skirts that stop at the top of the shin without risking dowdiness. Full-length dresses, particularly multi-patterned gypsy gowns, are getting by as bona fide street wear. Pants, of course, are the most popular solution, theaters, airlines, nightclubs and offices, even municipal and federal departments and agencies, have revoked earlier anti-trouser legislation. At least two New York restaurants are now focusing on a new fashion scapegoat: both Peartree's and the Hudson Bay Inn refuse admission to ladies in midis.

Surprisingly, European women, renowned for their activity in Resistance Movements during wartime, have shown little backbone (and even less leg) in defying the fashion czars. Paris stylists report that a midi skirt with a tucked-in pull-over sweater is this autumn's uniform. One department store, Au Printemps, is selling ten midis for every three shorter styles, and boutiques like Yves Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche are constantly having to reorder weekly to meet the demand. A short skirt on Rome's Via Condotti is as hard to find as a meal without pasta; in London, a shipment of midi suits and skirts to one large Oxford Street department store one day last week was gone the same afternoon. Even Vienna and Warsaw report that the midi is on the march.

But American women just aren't having any. One fashion-conscious Washington coed brought back a smart midi ensemble from a European vacation—and has not worn it once since she stepped off the jet. Nancy Hanks, Director of the National Endowment for the Arts, made it all the way through a White House luncheon in her midi, returned to her office in a depression only her seamstress could lift. Even within the supposedly stout ranks at *Women's Wear Daily*, dissent reigns. Confessed a staffer on assignment in Chicago, "I bought three—just enough to get me through while John Fairchild [WWD's publisher] was in town."

Die-hards in the industry insist that the midi still has a chance. Fall may have come too early this year, they say. Post-Christmas sales will tell the tale, the trend-setting stores, after all, will have nothing to offer but midis. The lure of a bargain is sure to break the little woman's will. Then again, a recent obituary notice in the *Fresno Bee* presented another, more realistic appraisal. DEAD: THE MIDI DRESS, FROM ACUTE REJECTION BY THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

* Although Princess Margaret, making her first public appearance nudged up, did not fare so well. "Nothing is going to do more for the midi," wrote the *Daily Mirror's* Felicity Green.

KEN REGAN—GAMMA 8

CENTRA, PA. 22



MINIS OUTSIDE MANHATTAN RESTAURANT

Only the leaves are falling.



MARGARET IN MIDI

called only three out of 30 major U.S. elections, canvassed more than 22,000 readers this month, reported 83% wearing skirts above the knee (a percentage in accord with the daily "Hem Line Index," compiled by Manhattan's Women's Haberdashers shops and posted in the window of the main store). Sales figures for the midi are harder to come by, though a representative of a chain of Boston dress shops admits, "Business is not as bouncy as we would like."

More Alterations. Washington, D.C., merchandisers report a steady flow of "bring-backs," generally attributable to husbands whose passions, and fountain pens, run dry at the midi. Trial selections of mid-calf fashions sold so poorly that stores in Miami, Atlanta and Portland ordered only 10% of their fall stock in the longer lengths, are getting little help from customers in reducing even that small fraction. At a Los Angeles fundraising party for Governor Reagan this

half the girls at U.C.L.A. haven't had on anything more complicated than a pair of jeans since the organdy number they wore on their eight birthday. "There were also economic drawbacks. 'A recession,' says Mrs. Jean G. Bowen, an administrative assistant at Harvard Medical School, "hardly seems the time to introduce a major fashion change that will require tossing out most of one's wardrobe." There have also been purely aesthetic complaints: "They are goofy and unattractive," says Mrs. James Magin of Chicago. "Terrific, if you want to look like a walking gunny sack," says Los Angeles Advertising Executive Adrienne Hall. The Women's Liberation movement presented a rationale for the midi's downfall. "I see resistance to the midi as part and parcel of the whole rebellion thing," says C.C.N.Y. Psychology Professor Morton Bard. "The fashion industry may be ruled by fat cats pulling strings, but now women

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ART

The Duke of Xanadu at Home

IT is 7:30 of a fall Sunday evening and only a few artists remain, straggling under spotlighted trees across the shaven lawns of Philip Johnson's 32-acre New Canaan precinct. All the millionaires and collectors have gone home. Andy Warhol, in black jacket and silver wig looking like the Angel of Death quitting Jerusalem, left ten minutes ago. Robert Rauschenberg lingers on, and though a lady art critic is locked in Johnson's subterranean painting gallery with a young artist who is slapping her around for undetermined reasons, the place is quiet. Above the Morriszes, Judds and Oldenbergs, lights still burn in the new sculpture gallery, the completion of which was the occasion for the party. Through the glass wall of his house, a few hundred feet away, the host watches the Connecticut sky display its sense of occasion by turning a fulgid, Turner-esque pink. Philip Johnson, architect and art collector, scans his horizon with pleasure as if the sunset, too, were a commissioned work. The inauguration of his own special Xanadu is nearly over.

Up from the Top, Johnson's sculpture gallery, with its complex flows of space and rafter-striped light, is a far cry from his 1949 Glass House, but it may, in time become as famous. Between them lies a career of almost indecent success, starting near the top, wealthy by inheritance. Johnson is now, at 64, one of the three or four best-known architects alive in America.

There is no "school" of Johnson, as there was of his own great mentor, Mies van der Rohe, with whom he

worked on the design of New York's Seagram Building. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a young architect setting out to imitate Johnson. He is an architect of sensibility, not polemics, and his work has no discernible core of aesthetic theory. It is all taste, exemplary in its detailing and finesse of decision. Though he was trained in the strict, functionalist idiom of Mies and Gropius, Johnson believes such purism "is winding up its days." "Structural honesty," he declared in 1961, "seems to me one of the great hugabooes that we should free ourselves from very quickly."

Dolphin in History. Johnson does not see buildings simply as machines for living. For him, the need for fantasy, play, memory and spectacle is just as real as the need for efficiency. Most of all, in Johnson's view, people need a sense of history. Architecture cannot give it to them by making ebullient panty raids on the sleeping past, grabbing a cornice here, a vault or pilaster there. It is a matter of integration. Not many architects now living have Johnson's integrative powers. He is a highly educated architect, able to slip like a dolphin through the currents of style. History is his natural element and from the last 20 years of Johnson's output it is clear that he took to a manner of free-wheeling historical allusion as his proposed alternative to the International Style—which by 1950 had frozen from a mainstream into a glacier, trapping its architects in ice like mastodons.

Perhaps Johnson's most revealing work is what he put up for Johnson

—his enclave in New Canaan, built over a span of 21 years and now completed by the sculpture gallery. Johnson dislikes calling it an estate, preferring the word compound but an estate it is, with all the seigniorial overtones. There has, in fact, been nothing like it since the dual properties of 18th century England.

Theatrics of Neatness. Who else has a switch on his terrace that at the flick of a whim, causes a fountain to spurt 120 feet into the air from the center of a private lake? Johnson's house is a monument to the theatrics of neatness only a bachelor could sustain such stark elegance at this pitch of obsession—one three-year-old child could reduce it all to chaos in ten minutes. It is perhaps the expression of a dilettante—in the classic sense of the word, a lover of the fine arts. It does need money, but it also demands concern. Johnson noted that the trunks of oaks turn dark after rain while maples stay light; he has judiciously pruned the forest surrounding his house to produce the most satisfactory chiaroscuro possible after every passing storm.

But if Johnson indulges himself in the dilettante pleasures, he scorns the corresponding idleness. He has designed ten art galleries, and his work in Manhattan includes the New York State Theater, the extensions to the Museum of Modern Art, Asia House and the library for New York University. An unceasing flow of projects issues from his office in the Seagram Building, and currently he shares with Paul Rudolph and Kevin Roche an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art called "Work in Progress." It includes models of Johnson's glass arcades for N.Y.U., modeled on the Milan Galleria but as high as Beauvais Cathedral, a tumbling water



THE JOHNSON COMPOUND GLASS HOUSE



ENTRANCE TO SUBTERRANEAN GALLERY

The sunset, too, was commissioned.



Below is a view of the interior of the building, showing the sculpture collection of New Canaan. Architect Philip Johnson is not seen here. Robert Morris (left) and a rem-

80 *Contemporary* (right) On the floor below, Robert Morris' nine-pipe, minimalist sculpture, and a construction of enclosed volumetric boxes by John Chamberlain.

Authentic.

This is "The MacNab," Raeburn's famous portrait of the 12th Laird of the MacNab Clan, the one to which the makers of Dewar's "White Label" belong. Some of the whisky in Dewar's "White Label" continues to come from pot stills near Glendochart, home of the MacNab Clan since the 12th century.



Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantry Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, described tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth.

The people are durable and warmhearted. And the whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" he racked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquility. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.



**Dewar's
never varies**

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

garden for Fort Worth; slanted prismatic skyscrapers for Minneapolis.

Dwarfs and the Duke. An art historian can read Johnson's development simply by studying the buildings on the estate—Johnson himself admits that here he tries out his ideas. "I have never felt free working for a client," he acknowledges. "But working for oneself is a different matter. You have to discover your own needs. That is not easy, but it leaves you free."

The first building was Johnson's own house, the idea for which—a house built entirely of glass—Mies van der Rohe proposed to him in 1946. A transparent box with one opaque brick cylinder that contains the bathroom, the house has since become a classic of American architecture, and even after 21 years it is a startlingly expressive building—not least for the intelligence and openness with which it states its prototypes. The "absolute" cubic form was taken from one of the 18th century fathers of modern architecture, Claude Ledoux. Le Corbusier provided the angling paths between the transparent, almost invisible house and the solid brick guesthouse (each building becomes the positive-negative image of the other). And so on Johnson took his idea for the lake pavilion—a caprice of scale, with concrete colonnades only six feet high and three feet wide—from the miniaturized dwarfs' quarters in the Renaissance dachal palace in Mantua. "Obviously the duke didn't build them that way to make the dwarfs happier. It made *him* feel happier." In 1965, Johnson added the subterranean gallery for his paintings. It was modeled—perhaps appropriately, considering the value of the Stellas, Rauschenbergs and Warhols that hang there—on the ancient Treasury of Atreus in Mycenae. The paintings are hung on huge leaflike screens, which swing like the pages of a book, a means of display Johnson adapted from the Soane Museum in London.

Shifting Light. Johnson's new sculpture gallery is a brilliant attack on the problem of how to avoid a long, boring, enfiladed room of sculpture without chopping the space up into unrelated cubicles. Johnson's deceptively complex plan ("I wanted to see what could be done with 45-degree angles, we all know about right angles") places the sculpture in related groups on different levels around a central, five-sided well, the inflections of this space, its arrest and flow, are masterly. The gallery is flooded with shifting light from the roof, which consists of tubular steel rafters supporting narrow panes of mirror glass that both reflect the sculptures and transmit the dazzling blue of the sky. The ambiguity of space, and its constant surprises, allows each sculpture to make its own zone of authority. It may be that in this building Philip Johnson has done for the pseudo religion of art what Corbusier, in his chapel at Ronchamp, did for the modern church.

■ Robert Hughes



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MUSIC

Making Love to the Public

There are three sexes: men, women and tenors.

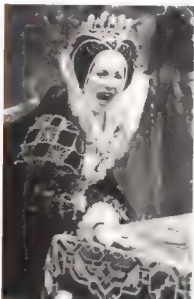
—Anonymous

Years ago, a leading New York tenor named Brignoli made a point of not being touched during onstage love scenes, that, he felt, would have been both indecent and unlucky. More recently, Soprano Beverly Sills went through an entire act of *La Traviata* with a tenor who never once looked at her. Conclusion: tenors as a group are still not only shorter and rounder than their heroines, but as adroit as ever at underwhelming them romantically.

A welcome exception is Tenor Plácido Domingo, who not only looks at his her-

Manhattan's Lincoln Center. On Tuesday at the Metropolitan Opera, Domingo portrayed King Gustav III of Sweden who tries to woo Montserrat Caballé away from her husband in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. On Thursday, across the plaza at the New York City Opera, where Domingo broke into the big time four years ago, he played the Earl of Essex to Beverly Sills' Queen Elizabeth in a splendid new production of Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*. Like any operatic tenor, Domingo does a lot of theatrical dying. "When you are dying," he says with a wink, "you have more chance to suffer, and the public likes suffering."

The same tale of jealousy, love betrayed and suffering as Hollywood's 1939 heartthrob *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*—the new *Devereux*.



SOPRANO SILLS

"When you are dying you have more chance to suffer."



TENOR DOMINGO

oines but seems to like them as well. Tall, dark and Teddy-bear handsome, Domingo at 29 is virile evidence that believability and passion are not necessarily inconsistent with operatic love. He has the sweetest and one of the biggest lyric-dramatic tenor voices on the operatic stage, and he phrases his serenades with a taste and elegance unmatched since the days of Justus Björling. As an actor, he is manly, confident and capable of the kind of tender gestures that can thrill girls on both sides of the footlights. Four years ago, in a New York City Opera *Traviata*, Domingo inspired audible sobs all over the house when he carried the dying Violetta (Patricia Brooks) around in his arms like a baby. Says the still impressed Brooks: "Now every soprano wants to sing with Plácido."

So it seems, anyway. Last week he was busy commuting between heroines at

was even more of a showpiece for Beverly Sills than the film was for Betty Davis. Absent from the New York stage for more than a century, the opera was revived especially for Sills by the company's director, Julius Rudel. He conducted it adoringly and surrounded his prima diva with an all-star cast headed by Mezzo Beverly Wolff, Baritone Louis Quilico and, of course, Domingo. Ample returning the favor, Sills proved again that she is unsurpassed as a coloratura. With gestures ranging from near-hysterical twitching to imperious slaps, she brought the Virgin Queen's tragedy to dramatic life. More important, she turned Donizetti's ornate vocal scrolls into ear-ravishing laments of the utmost sadness.

Singing opposite Sills, many tenors sound pale and superfluous. But Sills and Domingo made an Elizabeth and

Essex any opera director might be tempted to swap his *Ring* cycle for. Bending to one knee in supplication, baring his chest with soldierly bravado, singing with graceful, silvery mastery, Domingo made their touching Act I duet a true meeting of romantic equals.

The Brave Bull. Domingo, who was born in Madrid in 1941, once hoped to become a matador when he grew up. By the time he fought his first bull, though, he was 14 and living with his parents in Mexico City. It was in a small ring where young bulls were tested for bravery. The one selected for Plácido was very brave—braver, in fact, than Plácido, who was badly battered, then and there he gave up the corrida for a career in music.

Six years later he made his operatic debut in *Traviata* with Mexico's National Opera. That same year he sang opposite Joan Sutherland in *Lucia di Lammermoor* with the Dallas Civic Opera. Then came an offer from the Israel National Opera in Tel Aviv. Nearly 300 performances later, Rudel signed Domingo and gave him the title role in *Giuseppe Don Rodrigo* at the February 1966 opening of the company's new home in Lincoln Center. Domingo was on his way.

No one can understand the opera until he accepts the fact that vocalism—good vocalism, that is—is the coagulant that binds everything and everybody together: fantasy and truth, performers and audience, hero and heroine. Says Domingo: "The voice must say I love you I love for a heroine or hatred for a villain must be portrayed through the public." Domingo has the voice. He is acquiring a public ready and willing to jostle its way into the opera any night he chooses to sing.

—William Bender

Y'All Come Hear Ringo

Like a Tennessee warbler, the electric guitar flutters downward in graceful slides and turns. The country fiddle scratches out a polite howdy. And the nasal, melancholy baritone begins to sing

Look at me now, ain't I a sight
Eyes bloody red, face puff white,
Hair tangled up, wrinkled old clothes
I'm a living example of a big over-dose
Of wine, women and loud happy songs

Grand Ole Opry time? Shucks no. Just a new Apple LP by that latest convert to the Nashville Sound, Ringo Starr of the Beatles. Called *Beaucoups of Blues*, it features Drummer Ringo as the singer of twelve mostly sorrowful country ballads that are a far and dusty cry from *Hey Jude*. Get Back or even *Octopus's Garden*.

Ringo in Nashville? The idea seems as logical as Mick Jagger at Glyndebourne. In truth, Ringo poses no immediate threat to such country greats as Eddy Arnold or Johnny Cash. Yet his straightforward, unadorned singing style—customarily sure death in the quasi-Baroque world of rock—turns out

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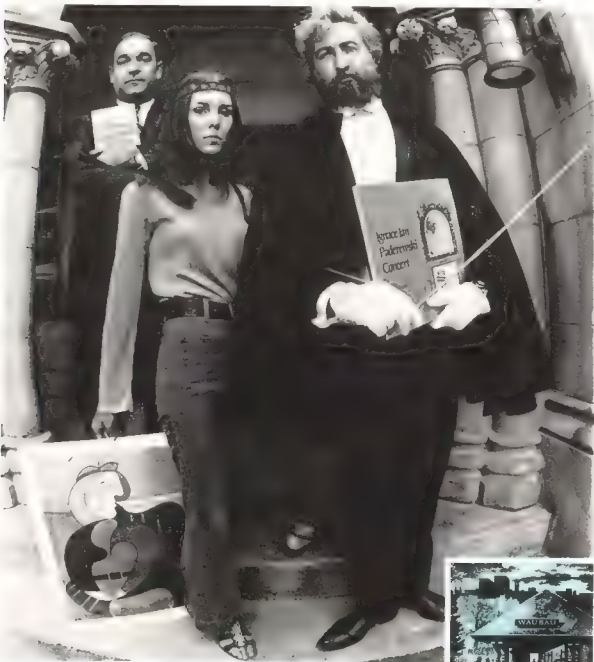
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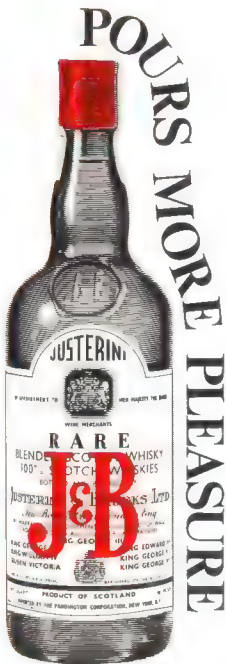
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to be just the thing for the classic country songs devoted to simple words, gentle irony and love gone haywire. In a song called *Silent Homecoming*, Ringo does emulate deep-throated Cash a bit too much. His baritone is occasionally too beery. But his cornhusky mastery of the album's title song ("I see me a man who's lonely/ Wants only to lose beaucoup of blues") more than makes up for his failings.

Corkscrew Grin. Ringo's choice of mentor and producer for his Nashville sessions was expert Steel Guitarist Pete Drake, who not only lined up 13 of the best Nashville sidemen in town, but provided Ringo with a well-varied dozen of



RINGO IN NASHVILLE (1970)

A-frame eyes and a beery baritone.

the best new songs from his own publishing company (Window Music). One of them, Chuck Howard's porch-swinging serenade, *I Wouldn't Have You Any Other Way*, has the stamp of a country classic, and *Laser's Lounge* is a toe-tapper that even city slickers should find a winner.

Whatever the success of *Beaucoups of Blues*, Ringo stands little chance of losing the affection of the millions of Beatles fans for whom he has always been something of a sentimental favorite. Who could forget the A-frame eyes, the cockney nose, the corkscrew grin or the way he had in a moment of percussive rapture—of smiling sideways like Lauren Bacall? There was also something about him of the sad clown who knew he was only a party to greatness, not its originator. "I do sometimes feel out of it," he once said, "sitting there on the drums, only playing what they tell me to play." Obviously, Ringo need no longer worry. But no one knows just what lies at the end of a country road fur, fur away from Liverpool.

■ W B

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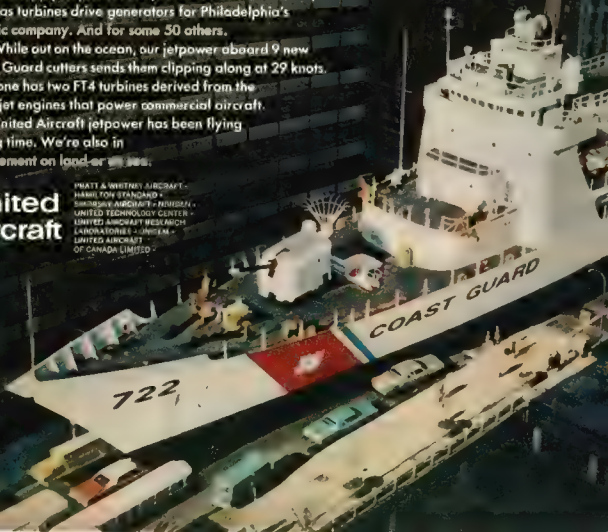
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THE THEATER



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Words are a child's grandest toy.

Into a Laughing Hell

There is no drug quite so powerful as the human imagination—and Lewis Carroll took quite a heady draught before he followed Alice down the rabbit hole. A group of off-Broadway players under the direction of Andre Gregory have now dramatized *Alice in Wonderland*, and the trip that results is an exciting, absorbing, vertiginous descent into a laughing hell.

The familiar and beloved Alice is here, looking like a slightly tattered Tenniel illustration, and the Mad Hatter and the Queen of Hearts, and the Cheshire Cat—all the fond friends of generations of children. But in this *Alice* the prurient antic chums from childhood cast shadows that are dark, deep and unsettling. The shadows invade the characters and dye them in the colors of Freud, and Jung, and Kafka, and Dali and Antonin Artaud, who conceived the Theater of Cruelty. Influence has been lost, assuredly, but a revelation has been gained as the audience is taken on a journey through the murky, quirky labyrinth of the human psyche. *Alice* is an exemplary instance of how a classic can be made "new," and one of the extremely rare instances of a book's being turned into a wholly satisfying theatrical experience.

States of Being. The acting company, known as the Manhattan Project, uses techniques somewhat similar to those of the Open Theater (*The Serpent, Terminal*), though with a far more liberal use of language. The techniques involve sounds, mimicry, a constant awareness of the body in action (without nudity) and an accordion-like expansion

or contraction of an episode or scene in order to isolate moving centers of psychological truth. It is selective rather than narrative drama. It does not chronicle an action; it creates states of being and feeling. In *Alice*, the playgoer encounters states of dread, of sexuality, of absurdity, of bewilderment, of wonder, of fear, of giddiness, of giggles, of madness, of contraction, of elevation of "growing pains," of terror, of playfulness, of ecstasy. Simply to turn this catalogue of seeming abstractions into something palpable and concrete and real is a measure of the extraordinary achievement of the play. The players who perform the feat are Gerry Bamman, Tom Costello, Sackia Noordhoek Hegt, Jerry Mayer, Angela Pietropinto and Larry Pine. To single out one would be to slight all.

Words are at the childlike core of *Alice in Wonderland* and it is heartening that they have been honored in this production. Words are a child's grandest toy. They are also his first mystery. Even before he understands them he puts them together and takes them apart. He pops pieces of them into his mouth, and spits them out in odd shapes. It is a profound form of play, for it is the only tool a child is given with which to comprehend a world in which he coexists without really belonging—the world of adults.

All of this is conveyed in *Alice*, plus something more. Through puns and transpositions of literal and metaphorical imagery, Carroll transformed English into a kind of hallucinatory jabberwocky. Language goes berserk, it refuses to associate with reality. There are moments in *Alice* when all words

seem to have dropped, like leaves, off the tree of meaning, and to be swirling around in gusts of gibberish. This provides one of the closest approximations to going insane that has ever been rendered on a public stage.

A work like *Alice in Wonderland* is mythic as well as classic. Director Andre Gregory has put his finger on the aspects of myth that pulse in all men. Always a director of flashing and flamboyant resourcefulness, Gregory has now taken a stride in depth. His *Alice in Wonderland* lays bare the primordial, psychogenetic sources of man's visceral and abiding need for theater.

■ T.E. Kalem

The Thin Red Line

Two young subalterns, fresh from England, join Kipling's army in India in those late-19th century days when the officers' mess jackets and half of the map of the globe were colored a royal red. It is a very pukka sahib regiment, that of Barry England's play *Conduct Unbecoming*, with a code of ethics, clique loyalties, and a voracious fondness for pig-sticking and whisky. One of the subalterns, 2nd Lieut. Arthur Drake (Paul Jones), has come to the regiment with tunes of glory lifting in his head and an earnest determination to uphold the honor of soldiering. The other, 2nd Lieut. Edward Millington (Jeremy Clyde), the son of a general, is disdainfully disenchanted with the military. A kind of Victorian dropout, he intends to get busted and return to the bliss of civilian life. Millington quickly breaks regimental protocol and gets himself cordially detested by everyone from the colonel on down to Drake, his neophyte comrade-in-arms.

At a regimental ball, which seems to be the briskest, and perhaps the most arduous, campaign that this outfit was ever engaged in, Millington makes an un-



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successful pass at Mrs. Marjorie Hasseltine (Elizabeth Shepherd), who has a *sub rosa* reputation for being a courtesan among young subalterns. She charges him with attacking her, and a regimental court-martial is convened.

Relentless Quest. Through the bulk of the trial scenes, a tension is built up that has probably not been felt in the Broadway theater since *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*. Drake, to his considerable dismay, is picked to defend Millington, but he goes about it with a cool, indefatigable, relentless quest for the truth. Mrs. Hasseltine, it turns out, has indeed been attacked, but not by Millington. As Drake zeroes in on the real culprit, he also unearths evidence that the much-vaunted "honor" of the regiment is something of a mockery.

If tension works for *Conduct Unbecoming* most of the way, so does nostalgia. These are the Britons who remain romantic heroes in the memories of most middle-aged Americans. Here they are—the stiff-upper-lipped thin red line, brave, dashing, loyal and incredibly handsome. They always saved the day at some hellish outpost of empire among betise flies and assagais. Watching *Conduct Unbecoming* is almost like seeing the ghost of Lord Kitchener trouncing Lucky Jim.

Blanket Indictments. The play, like that vision finally falls apart. The point of collapse comes when Mrs. Hasseltine withdraws her charges against Millington and turning on the assembled officers says, "You are scum." Playwright England hasn't prepared the audience for anything like that, either as a Brechtian blast at the military or in terms of the actual behavior of the officers involved. It refutes common sense to make blanket indictments of any group of men, whether they be army officers, policemen or stockbrokers. The person most qualified to know this is Mrs. Hasseltine herself, who has traded on the genuine honor and outrage of most of the officers in pressing her charges. In referring to Millington, Mrs. Hasseltine goes on to say, "He is the only gentleman I have met in all my years with this regiment." But he has not acted remotely like a gentleman, only like a sour, spoiled, self-indulgent brat. Besides, Mrs. Hasseltine is in the weakest position to raise any moral questions since it is she who has maligned an innocent man's character. Even as plot jockeying, this kind of dishonest playwrighting does not pay, for the audience feels in the end that the emotion, interest and belief that it has invested in the play have all been exploited and betrayed.

The cast is totally honest and utterly skillful. It is difficult to imagine two young actors more sensitively attuned to their roles than Paul Jones as Drake and Jeremy Clyde as Millington. For the rest, Britannia may no longer rule the waves, but it reigns in the playhouses of London and New York with acting of the highest style.

• T E K

MILESTONES

Died. Gordon Arnold Ionsdale (born Konan T. Molodt), 48, convicted Soviet spy, whom the British exchanged for Businessman Greville Wynne in 1964; of an apparent heart attack in a Moscow suburb. Arrested in 1961 while posing as a Canadian businessman in London, Ionsdale was identified as the chief of operations of a spy ring in Britain. In 1965 he wrote a book, *Spy*, in which he bragged that he was also a communications aide for Colonel Rudolf Abel's famed ring in the U.S. during the 1950s.

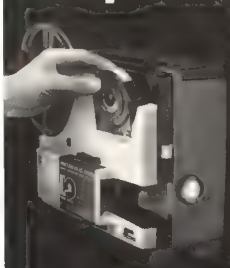
Died. Adam Rapacki, 60, Polish Foreign Minister from 1956 to 1968, proposer of the "Rapacki Plan" for a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe; of a heart attack in Warsaw. First suggested in 1957, the Rapacki Plan would have banned the installation of nuclear weapons in an area encompassing Poland, Czechoslovakia and East and West Germany. The Western powers rejected the idea for lack of adequate guarantees and on the grounds that a nuclear shield in West Germany was essential against the Soviet bloc's preponderance of conventional arms.

Died. Pedro Taruc, 68, ranking commander of the Hukbalahap agrarian rebel movement in the Philippines; by gunfire when he was waylaid by an army unit in Angeles, near Clark airbase. A relative of Luis Taruc, rebel leader who surrendered to President Ramon Magsaysay in 1954, Taruc led the Huks since 1964, but failed to replenish their dwindling numbers. His death destroys the guerrilla threat to the government of President Ferdinand Marcos.

Died. Cid Ricketts Sumner, 80, Mississippi-born author of the endearing *Tammy* series of books about a Southern bayou waif, and mother-in-law of Author John H. Cutler (*Cardinal Cushing of Boston*, *Honey Fitz*) whose 16-year-old son was arraigned in juvenile court as a suspect in her bludgeon murder at her Duxbury, Mass. home.

Died. Edouard Daladier, 86, thrice Premier of France in the years from 1933 to 1940 and last surviving signer of the infamous Munich Agreement of kidney disease in Paris. After signing the agreement in 1938 with Chamberlain, Mussolini and Hitler, Daladier rationalized "Should 15 million Europeans have been killed in order to oblige 1,000,000 Sudetens who wished to be German to remain in Czechoslovakia?" One year later, he came to the realization that, as he put it, "Hitler does not negotiate with nations which have submitted to him. He destroys them." By then it was too late. Daladier attempted to flee to Africa to join the Resistance, was captured by Vichy collaborationists and deported to Germany.

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SCIENCE

And Now, Electronic Pollution

In the middle of the night electrically controlled garage doors in a number of Western states suddenly began to open and close. At Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, an outburst of strange signals starts disrupting communications with an orbiting Gemini spaceship High above the Gulf of Mexico, the navigational gear of a jetliner bound for Miami mysteriously indicates, that the plane is on a course for Cuba. Is a modern-day poltergeist on the loose? Not really. These baffling occurrences are, in fact, examples of a serious problem of the Electronic Age. As ever larger numbers of electronic gadgets come into use, they increasingly crowd the atmosphere—and space above—with an invisible pollutant: stray, mischief-making radio waves.

The source of such electromagnetic interference may be almost any piece of electrical equipment: fluorescent lights, the ignition system of a car, or even a seemingly innocuous transistor radio. And with so many sources, the interference is becoming more and more exasperating. Even the Government finds itself suffering from the technological pollution. Shortly after the Internal Revenue Service opened a new computer complex in Louisiana, part of the brain's memory suddenly went blank. Pizzled IRS officials eventually learned why. The center had been built under a flight path to the New Orleans airport, and radar signals from the field had erased tax records that had been freshly stored on the computer's magnetic tape.

Electromagnetic pollution can also be highly dangerous. Certain pacemakers, for example, designed to steady the beat of a faltering heart, can be knocked temporarily out of rhythm if they happen to come close to microwave ovens. Other medical devices are vulnerable too.

In Canada two years ago, a motorcyclist with an electrically operated prosthetic arm passed near high-tension lines that were creating a powerful magnetic field. This energy caused the arm's motor to behave so erratically that the rider lost his grip on the handlebar, fell to the ground, and was nearly killed.

Whispering Gallery. One major cause of the electromagnetic smog is the increasingly intensive competition for the use of available radio frequencies. In 1949, there were 160,000 radio transmitters of all kinds operating in the U.S. Now there are more than 6,000,000, and the number will doubtless continue to rise. In the not too distant future, the entire world may become what RCA President Robert W. Sarnoff recently described as a huge "electronic whispering gallery."

The whispering already sounds more like shouting, as Malta's tiny air force recently learned. Although they fly thousands of miles away from the U.S., the Maltese pilots found themselves in an almost daily radio jam-up because airliner controllers in Atlanta, Ga., were broadcasting on their frequency. Nor is the problem peculiar to the West. Only last week the Soviets complained bitterly about interference by illegal, amateur radio operators—"hooligans" who fill the air with "garbage." In one recent instance, the Soviet Ministry of Communications said, radio hams were so disruptive that controllers at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport were unable to bring a plane down in bad weather.

In terms of sheer frustration, the greatest sufferers have probably been astronomers using radio telescopes to scan the heavens. Stray terrestrial signals at frequencies similar to those being detected are a constant nuisance. It was not until the powerful radar at New York's Kennedy Airport was properly tuned that Bell Labs scientists in New

Jersey were able to detect background radiation—mysterious microwave emissions from deep space, which some theorists think are the remnants of the "big bang" that created the universe.

Tiny Waves. To help relieve the overcrowding, engineers are busily experimenting with new broadcast channels. At present, the highest frequency authorized for commercial communications is 12 billion hertz (for cycles per second), which lies at the extreme upper end of the microwave band. Eventually, researchers hope to communicate on frequencies as high as 300 billion hertz, thus greatly expanding the capacity of the air waves. But they will first have to overcome a major natural obstacle. The very small waves produced at such high frequencies—which are as short as one millimeter (compared with 55 meters or more for standard AM broadcast waves)—quickly lose their strength because of moisture in the atmosphere and cannot be sent over any appreciable distance. That problem may be alleviated in the future, says Bell Labs Radio Research Chief L.C. Tilston, with such electronic relay devices as compact solid-state amplifiers perched atop utility poles and a new breed of communications satellite circling the earth at very close intervals.

Muffling stray interference will be a more difficult job. Most of the new electronic gadgetry—color TV sets, arc welders, diathermy machines—are potential electromagnetic polluters. As the Government's watchdog over the air waves, the Federal Communications Commission was recently authorized to take stiffer action against manufacturers of interference-causing equipment. But even though investigations of complaints have already been increased sharply, the FCC does not expect to achieve what engineers call electromagnetic compatibility very soon. "The smog will be with us for a long time," says one FCC official. "We'll have to suffer with it for several years at least."

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MEDICINE

Nobel Understanding

Science has long recognized the role of nerve fibers in carrying messages from the brain to the muscles and organs of the body. But only recently has it begun to understand the complex mechanisms by which these messages are transmitted. Last week Stockholm's Royal Caroline Institute honored the work of three scientists whose research has laid the groundwork for that understanding. It awarded the 1970 Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine to Professor Ulf von Euler of Sweden, Sir Bernard Katz of Great Britain and Dr. Julius Axelrod of the U.S.

The three, who will share about \$80,000 in prize money, have been working independently of each other. But their findings, which the Caroline Institute says have "greatly stimulated the search for remedies against nervous and mental disturbance," are complementary. Sir Bernard, head of the department of biophysics at London's University College, has discovered that a transmitter chemical called acetylcholine is released at nerve-muscle junctions. Von Euler, a Caroline Institute staff member whose father won a Nobel Prize in chemistry in 1929, has found that a chemical called noradrenaline is stored in small granules within the nerve fibers and serves as a transmitter at nerve terminals. Dr. Axelrod, chief of pharmacology of the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Md., has identified the mechanisms that regulate the formation of noradrenaline in the nerve cells as well as the mechanisms involved in its inactivation—partly under the influence of an enzyme that he discovered.

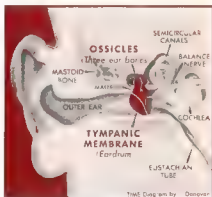
New Hope for Hearing

More than 17 million Americans suffer from some degree of hearing loss. Many are older people whose deafness is caused by progressive nerve damage, which can often be corrected by artificial hearing aids. But a significant number are younger people whose impairment is triggered by disease or injury to the tympanum and ossicles (see diagram), the eardrum and tiny vibrating bones that transmit sound waves to the inner ear.

Until recently, surgeons had only one method of correcting damage to the eardrum—repair of the tympanum with tissue usually taken from the fibrous lining of the ear muscle. This operation sometimes thickened the eardrum and thus produced only questionable improvements in hearing efficiency. Now surgeons are perfecting a technique for replacing damaged eardrums and ossicles with healthy donor tissue. The operation offers some new hope for an escape from hearing impairment.

For years, doctors who tried eardrum transplants were hampered by their inability to preserve a donor's tissue until it was needed. One solution to their problem was developed by Dr. Rodney Perkins, of Palo Alto, Calif., who tried the buffered formaldehyde solution that has proved successful in the preservation of heart valves. The formaldehyde not only preserves the eardrum and helps retain its shape, but may even improve its tensile strength as well. As a result, doctors can now obtain healthy eardrums and ossicles from deceased donors and store them in an eardrum bank for up to seven months before they are used.

Although harvesting and storing eardrum tissue is no longer difficult, the



transplant procedure remains delicate. Surgeons make an incision behind the recipient's ear and cut away any diseased or damaged portions of the hearing organs before replacing them with the donor tissue. If only the donor's eardrum is used, it is fastened to the patient's ossicles with a nylon sling. If the donor's ossicles are used as well, they are connected to the patient's remaining ear bones so that sound vibrations can be conducted unimpeded to the inner ear.

The new ear parts, which take from one to five hours to implant, do not of themselves restore the patient's hearing. Instead, they serve as a scaffolding over which the patient's own ear-canal skin grows to form new ear tissue. The operation does, however, substantially reduce hearing loss. Most eardrum-damaged patients have moderately severe impediments. In most cases, the implants have improved their hearing to within the normal range.

Tissue rejection, which has led to the failure of other transplant operations, has yet to prove a problem in eardrum homografts. Nor have other complications arisen. Doctors across the country have performed about 70 such operations since 1968. Perkins, who has done 30 of them, reports that 90% of the new eardrums are still in place and intact.

When people have been deaf since birth, they often cannot reproduce speech because they have never heard sounds. To help them learn to speak, Ohio State University's Bio-Medical Engineering Coordinating Committee has developed a device called a visual vocoder that translates sounds into patterns of light. Soon to be used to teach children at a state school for the deaf, the machine features a display board containing 40 vertical rows of twelve lights each. Words spoken by a teacher into a microphone are converted into lights that march across the board from right to left, forming a recognizable pattern. Deaf children then try to duplicate the pattern. By comparing their own sound patterns with those of their teacher, the children can adjust both the pitch and volume of their voices and, through practice, learn to speak the words they cannot hear.



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BUSINESS

The Economy: Modest Hopes, Modest Gains

PRESIDENT Nixon's economists have long promised that the reward for the business slowdown that they engineered in 1969 and early 1970 would be a combination of slower price rises and renewed economic upturn in the second half of this year. They qualified that prediction by adding that any recovery would be modest. The recovery is taking place, and it is indeed modest.

Last week the Commerce Department reported that the gross national product rose at an annual rate of 6% in the third quarter—but added that most of the gain consisted of price increases. Without them, the real rise was 1.4%, which was better than the .6% of growth in the second quarter but still not very robust. The most comprehensive indicator of prices, the so-called G.N.P. price deflator, rose at an annual rate of 4.4% in the third quarter, less than last winter but slightly more than in the second quarter. And significantly, industrial production fell last month by 1.7%, the sharpest drop in ten years, even if General Motors' workers had not gone on strike (see story, *falling page*), output would have been down by at least one-half of 1%.

Big Deficit. Added to an earlier report that unemployment in September rose to 5.5%, the highest rate since January 1964, the figures trace a pattern of recovery that is weaker than the Administration had hoped. By latest count, 4,300,000 Americans are out of work, up from 2,700,000 in the month that President Nixon took office. There is reason for concern, too, about whether the latest statistics indicate any strong business revival ahead.

Many economists have been counting on an increase in consumer spending to power an economic rebound. In the third quarter, however, consumer spending showed the smallest rise in almost two years, and the worried consumer was socking an exceptionally high 7.6% of his take-home pay into savings. Consumers' incomes are not growing especially rapidly. Personal income, not counting the distorting effect of retroactive federal

pay increases, advanced in September only about \$3.5 billion, an even smaller amount than the modest monthly average of \$4 billion so far in 1970.

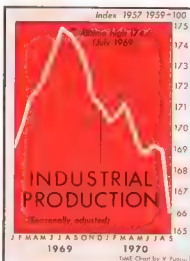
President Nixon stands no chance of achieving the \$1.3 billion budget surplus that he once projected for the current fiscal year. Economists at the Brookings Institution estimate that the budget will run \$13 billion in the red, and Administration officials say privately that the figure is not far off. One major reason: the President's Council of Economic Advisers

the strike had not hit. But that point is not especially relevant to an assessment of the Administration's economic stewardship. Nixon's economists have always assumed that bitter strikes would be an inevitable part of their "game plan" for checking inflation, and they have vigorously rejected suggestions for policies, such as wage-price guidelines, aimed at heading off labor warfare.

In addition to proclaiming some form of "incomes policy," as Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns proposed months ago, President Nixon could have fought inflation by calling for reduced tariffs, farm supports and shipping subsidies, liberalized oil-import quotas, and the repeal of fair-trade laws. He might also have sold off more goods from strategic stockpiles. If such actions had been taken, the Government could have pursued more liberal money, tax and budget policies, which in turn would have moderated unemployment.

Basic Difference. The Administration's economic management came under fire at week's end from an unexpected source: the mostly Republican corporate chiefs who attended a meeting of the Business Council in Hot Springs, Va. A panel discussion with Government policymakers exposed what General Electric Chairman Fred Borch called "a basic judgmental difference as to whether monetary and fiscal policies alone will slow down inflation." They [the Government panelists] think it will. We do not." The executives called for a variety of Government measures aimed at improving productivity in order to offset the impact of wage increases, including pressure on unions to loosen restrictive hiring practices. On Sunday, 15 Business Council members went to the White House at the President's invitation, presumably to give him the same message directly.

Wage-price guidelines are more acceptable elsewhere. The Cabinet of West Germany, that bastion of free-market economics, is expected to issue a set of guidelines perhaps this week.



predicted last February that 1970 corporate profits before taxes would be \$89 billion, but the actual rate in the first half was only \$77 billion. The present budget outlook is close to what the President's advisers told him in July would happen "if everything goes wrong."

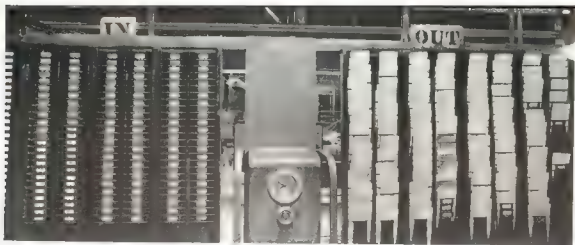
The Administration's economic managers argue that the picture right now is much worse than it would have been without the G.M. strike. The Commerce Department, for example, calculates that real G.N.P. would have risen at an annual rate of 2.5% in the third quarter if

BURNS WITH HONEYWELL'S JAMES BINGER & HARVARD'S DAN THROOP SMITH



SHULTZ AT BUSINESS COUNCIL MEETING





TIME CLOCK & CARDS AT CADILLAC PLANT IN DETROIT

What Price Victory?

The toughest question in political economics is how much joblessness the U.S. should tolerate as the price of victory over inflation. Few people appreciate how excruciating that choice really is. Federal Reserve Board Governor Andrew Brimmer recently steeled himself to ask a computer what would be required in order to reduce the rate of price increases to 1.5% a year by the end of 1971. The computer coolly answered that output would have to drop 14% and that the jobless rate would go well above 7%—a level of unemployment that the nation has not seen in a decade. Brimmer then asked how much joblessness would be needed to cut the inflation rate to 1%. "The computer blew up," he said, with a touch of hyperbole. "It could not calculate that."

Where the Strike Hurts

Anyone who hoped that the General Motors strike would end before the first snowfall had cause to ponder a union vote last week in the Detroit suburb of Warren, Mich. It is the site of G.M.'s technical center, where the company is developing antipollution systems and shock resistant bumpers. The company asked Local 160 of the United Auto Workers to allow 306 strikers to return to work on these special projects. A top U.A.W. official urged the members to agree, especially since improved pollution control is one of the union's demands. To the surprise of the company—and the embarrassment of the union leadership—the members of Local 160 voted unanimously to reject the request.

The incident showed the animosity that surrounds the strike like a cloud of smog. The stoppage is now in its sixth week, and both sides agree that local issues must be settled before work can resume. As of last week only about 25% of some 39,000 local demands had been resolved, and they were the least difficult ones. An optimist in Detroit nowadays is someone who still expects the G.M. workers to return well before Christmas; the pessimists predict that the walkout will last until early next year.

Pay Cuts. The rapidly spreading effects of the strike will become worse as the walkout drags on. Government economists estimate that the loss to the gross national product is running at \$1 billion a week, and that it will double if the stoppage continues through the fourth quarter. Largely because of the strike, steel production is down 11% from last year. Jones & Laughlin has cut its work force by 4,000 (out of 41,000), and other steel manufacturers have ordered layoffs. Last week, Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel Corp., citing a "lagging economy and disruptive conditions," ordered a 10% pay cut for 2,000 management personnel.

Companies in many other industries are also hurting. Michigan's Kelsey Hayes Co., which makes auto parts has laid off 1,000 of its 5,000 workers. Uniroyal, the tire manufacturer, has let 1,900 employees go for the duration. The Grand Trunk Western Railroad has thinned out its work force by 600 men and the Penn Central, with its largest single customer out of operation, has been affected "seriously" and cut back some of its operations. Several of the advertising agencies that handle G.M. accounts have decreed pay slashes. Chevrolet's agency, Campbell-Ewald, for instance, has imposed reductions ranging from 10% for everyone making less than \$10,000 a year to 15% for staffers earning between \$10,000 and \$25,000, and 25% for those earning more.

Food Stamps. Retailers are finding business rough around Detroit. Fini and other G.M. centers in Michigan J. L. Hudson's, the big department store chain, has reduced its staff by 10%. But hardware and lumber stores are doing well supplying the strikers, who now have plenty of time to finish a recreation room or repair a back porch. The strikers have difficulty locating part-time jobs. In Atlanta, several have taken temporary jobs distributing leaflets in shopping centers. One enterprising man sold a cartful of apples outside the local union hall.

In the Detroit area, more than 12,000 families of G.M. strikers are receiving federal food stamps. Another 600 families are collecting aid for dependent chil-

dren, and 400 more are on direct welfare. The strikers' use of taxpayer-supported welfare has become a local issue. Said the *Detroit Free Press* in an editorial: "The question is whether the right of one citizen to strike implies a duty on the part of other citizens to help him against his employer." On the other side was the question of whether workers' families should be made to go hungry in an industrial dispute.

Permanent Loss. To G.M. itself, the cost of the strike is particularly high. The investment banking firm of Goldman, Sachs estimates that the strike sliced 30¢-35¢ per share off G.M.'s third-quarter profits, and will take off another 15¢-20¢ for every week that it continues in the fourth quarter. (The company's profits last year were \$5.95 per share.) G.M. dealers sold 30% fewer cars and trucks during the first ten days of October than in the same period of 1969. Most dealers have enough cars on hand to last at least until the end of this month. The company's main competitor is not profiting from the shutdown. Ford, which is holding off part of its advertising to match G.M.'s expected post-strike campaign, saw its sales drop 1% last month. Chrysler gained 17%, and American Motors about 2%. G.M. stands to make up two-thirds or more of its lost sales after the strike is over, but the remainder will represent a permanent loss to the economy.

RAILROADS

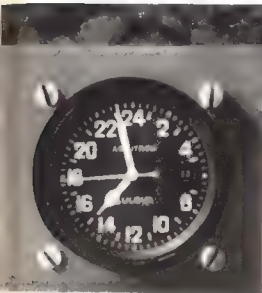
Step to Nationalization

On the eve of adjournment last week, Congress belatedly shouted its approval of a costly federal rescue for the tottering passenger railroads. The House and Senate approved emergency legislation creating a National Railroad Passenger Corp. to take over and run intercity passenger trains. Commuter service is unaffected.

If President Nixon signs the measure

Under a separate law signed last week by President Nixon, federal authorities can spend \$80 million this fiscal year and as much as \$70 billion over the next twelve years for new and improved bus and rail transit systems in urban areas. The Government will pay up to two-thirds of project costs.

"How an Accutron® watch movement helps me trap air polluters."



By Paul Rubenstein

I'm a photographer and I've lived in New Jersey most of my life.

It's been a good place to live except for one thing.

Sometimes polluted air would come down from the big industrial plants and you'd think you were going to die.

My blood would boil. But I'd ask myself, "What can one guy do about it?"

One day I decided it was time to find out. I began building a camera to trap air polluters.

In New Jersey you trap an air polluter by proving that he has released pollutants into the air for longer than three consecutive minutes.

To do that I gave my camera two lenses that worked simultaneously. One to take a picture of the place. One to take a picture of the time, on a built-in clock.

I used an Accutron tuning fork movement to impress the judge.

I thought I'd better have the right time if I wanted my pictures to hold

up in court. So I used an Accutron clock. Like every Accutron watch, it had a tuning fork movement that was guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

I figured that had to impress even a judge.

And it did.

For the past five years, my pictures have been accepted as legal evidence.

Through rain, sleet, 112° in the shade, my camera has kept going to trap air polluters. (Or to defend non-air-polluters.)

And through all that, the built-in Accutron clock has kept accurate time. Never giving me a moment's trouble.

As a matter of fact, it's on the job right now.

But just where, I'm not at liberty to say.

BULOVA ACCUTRON watches come with many features. This one includes a built-in movement guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month. The watch is made of stainless steel, has a water-resistant case, and a leather strap. Price \$210. The watch is sold by Bulova Watch Company, Inc., 150 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10018. Bulova Watch Company, Inc. is a registered trademark of Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
a scientific instrument.
Accutron® by Bulova.

as expected, the new corporation, to be known as "Railpax," will begin operations by May 1 as a semipublic but government-controlled body. Railroads will have until then to sign contracts transferring their passenger runs to the corporation. The railroads, however, will have to buy designated amounts of Railpax common stock, either with cash or by contributing equipment. The legislation authorizes not only a \$40 million federal grant to assist Railpax to get started but also up to \$100 million in Government loan guarantees to help the corporation buy rolling stock and improve roadbeds and up to \$200 million in loan guarantees to enable private railroads to finance their required Railpax investments.

As TIME Correspondent Mark Sullivan reported, "This is quasi-nationalization of the nation's rail system. It will most likely lead to more Government participation as time goes on. The U.S. until now has been the only industrialized country in the world with a totally private rail system. The Penn Central debacle, if not turned around quickly, will hasten the day that this private system becomes another arm of the Government."

No Miracles. Undoubtedly, railroads will waste no time choosing to turn their unwanted intercity trains over to Railpax. By their own computations, U.S. lines are losing \$200 million a year on passenger operations. In a direct form of pressure, the legislation would force any railroad that remains outside of Railpax to continue running all its present passenger trains for at least two years.

Railpax seems likely to save some passenger trains from becoming extinct,

but it will hardly work miracles in restoring long-haul service, which attracts mainly sightseers. Few passengers are still willing to spend three days traveling coast to coast, or two days from the Northeast to Texas. The legislation empowers Transportation Secretary John Volpe to decide what routes Railpax must serve at the outset. He will probably order continued service over heavily traveled corridors, particularly between Boston and Washington. Some long runs that draw varying amounts of patronage—for example, the Northeast to Florida, Chicago to New Orleans, and New York to Chicago—would presumably be continued. But a substantial number of the nation's 383 intercity trains are likely to die, including such little-used ones as the three-weekly Harrisburg-Buffalo run, or the Salt Lake City-Butte, Mont., runs.

Hope of Profits. Theoretically, the new rail corporation is supposed to earn a profit, like Comsat. Private railroads consider this idea ludicrous, and predict that Railpax will be forced to turn to Congress for more subsidy within a year or two. Even if their freight operations are included, the much-admired nationalized railroads of Western Europe and Japan run deeply in the red. Railpax backers count on managerial innovations to entice more riders aboard trains. The average passenger may find conditions much the same for a considerable time. Railpax will pay the private railroads to operate its trains; they will run over the same bumpy tracks and be manned by the same surly crews that have made train travel a trauma instead of a treat.

COMMON MARKET

Marriage of Money

A pair of Europe's wealthiest banks decided last week that two can live richer than one. Adding a new dimension to the economic collaboration among Common Market countries, the Crédit Lyonnais, which is France's second largest bank, and the Commerzbank, which is West Germany's third largest, formed a partnership. They stopped short of a merger, partly because Crédit Lyonnais is owned by the French government, but agreed to coordinate both their operations and lending round the world. There will be a virtually unified network of branches serving clients of both banks and a free exchange of information and managers. In addition, said a Crédit Lyonnais spokesman, as part of a big international expansion, the partners plan to establish a holding company and "other important creations, especially in New York."

The combine will have 3,000 offices, 50,000 employees and deposits of \$12.3 billion, making it the world's fifth-ranking bank establishment (after the Bank of America, First National City, Chase Manhattan and Britain's Barclays Bank Ltd.). The agreement is the first of its kind in the Common Market, and money-men regard it as an important trend setter. U.S. banks have won much business in the Market, and the entry of Britain would open the Continent wider to the City of London's powerful banks. Europeans see multinational combines as the logical way to compete. Leaders of Lyonnais and Commerzbank say that their association is open to other partners, and some bankers predict that Dutch, Belgian and Italian banks may join in.

Willie Sutton, Bankers' Friend

In a lifetime of crime Willie ("the Actor") Sutton robbed banks of almost \$2,000,000 and went through more disguises than the Scarlet Pimpernel. During the course of one bank heist or another, Sutton, 69, who served 35 years in prison before being paroled last Christmas Eve, popped up in a variety of roles that included a policeman, a window washer, a bank guard and a Western Union messenger. Last week the Actor was at it again—this time with star billing in a television commercial for Connecticut's New Britain Bank & Trust Co.

The commercial promotes the bank's new Master Charge credit cards, the first in the state to carry the holder's identifying photograph. "They call it the Face Card," says Sutton, peering out from the screen and holding a card with his photo on it. "Now when I say I'm Willie Sutton, people believe me." An announcer winds up the commercial: "Tell them Willie Sutton sent you."

The commercial is a product of necessity. In promoting its credit cards, the small New Britain bank, which has assets of \$65 million, is competing against giants. We had an advertising budget of only \$30,000," explains Craig Kelly, the bank's 24-year-old marketing director. "Our problem, obviously, was to get maximum exposure for a minimum of money." The notion of grabbing attention by using a celebrated bank robber came from Louis van Leeuwen, president of a New Haven agen-



Willie Sutton

cy, Van Leeuwen Advertising. "The bank people nearly collapsed when I suggested it," he says. "Then they said yes—just like that."

The commercial was shot two weeks ago in Miami, near where Sutton is living while he finishes writing his memoirs. "He's a very charming, amusing and interesting man," remarked Banker Kelly. Said Willie: "It's an unusual relationship, all right, but it's a very pleasant way to make money." Willie wrapped up his role in front of the cameras in half a day and earned \$1,500 for it. That is a lot easier than serving 17 years for robbing a bank of \$63,000.



The harder he bit you, the more you may need our new Tax Guide.

It has dozens of suggestions on how you can try to make the most of your stock market losses (or gains, if you have any).

Including a special section for investors who have made or lost a lot.

We're offering our Tax Guide now because you may have to do certain things this year to reduce the taxes you'll pay on April 15.

For example, the new tax law says that by taking your losses while they're short term, rather than long term, you can cut your

tax liability. Or increase your tax refund. So we think there's going to be a trend to selling certain

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stocks this year to establish short-term losses.

Which brings up our other tax aid, Tax Exchanges. This is a list of more than 100 pairs of stocks. Each pair has a stock we think you might want to sell and a stock we think you should exchange it for. In nearly all cases, both stocks are in the same industry. The idea is to help you decide how to take a tax loss and still keep your interest in an industry you like.

Both booklets are free. The year has been costly enough.

Merrill Lynch: We look for the trends.

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A New Rival to the Dollar?

PAISING recently to change some currencies at Paris' Orly Airport, a traveling Texan flourished a \$10 bill and exclaimed: "This is *real money*." For decades the Texan's bragadocio has been largely justified. The dollar is the only big-power currency that has escaped devaluation since World War II. The non-Communist world runs not on a gold standard but a dollar standard. Other countries value their own money in terms of dollars, keep much of their reserves in dollars, and often settle international accounts in dollars. Confidence in U.S. money allows American traders and travelers to spend freely all over the globe. It also gives the Federal Government a unique freedom of action in economics and world politics. Washington has been able to spend luxuriantly for military aid and foreign aid because foreigners absorbed all the dollars that flowed abroad.

The era of dollar supremacy may well be coming to an end. Behind closed doors, financiers are trying to figure out ways to reduce the power of the dollar. At last month's International Monetary Fund meeting, French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing caustically compared the world's reliance on the inflation-eroded dollar to the act of setting a watch "by a clock that is out of order." Last week a committee headed by Luxembourg's Prime Minister, Pierre Werner, handed in a report suggesting how the Common Market countries can create a new "Eurocurrency" that would acquire some of the privileges and powers of the dollar.

Hollow Pledge. Yale's Robert Triffin, a leading monetary expert and a member of TIME's board of economists, says that the Europeans have decided to challenge the dollar's dominance because "the present system makes them dollar satellites." Under IMF rules, foreign central banks have no practical alternative but to support the value of the dollar by absorbing any surplus dollars that are offered in their own market places.

If the Bank of France, for example failed to do this, the resulting glut of dollars in the hands of French bankers and businessmen would cause the value of the dollar to fall in France and the value of French francs to soar. The franc would rise not only in comparison with the value of the dollar but also in comparison with the currencies of all other countries. This would raise the export price of Citroëns, Camembert and other French products, hurting sales abroad. At the same time, the price of foreign goods sold in France would fall and imports would expand. To avoid all that, the Bank of France buys up surplus dollars. But in order to make those purchases it must increase the supply of French francs in circulation. Thus, France and other foreign governments correctly complain that they are forced to adopt inflationary

policies to cope with the dollar flow. That flow has been large and steadily growing. Partly to finance enormous American investment in overseas industry, the U.S. export of capital has risen from about \$9 billion a year in the early 1960s to almost \$12 billion now. The U.S. pledges to exchange these dollars

would suspend the rules of the game."

European moneymen can stem the dollar flood, but only if they work together. The most immediate prospect is that Continental countries will jointly revalue their currencies upward. Triffin expects such a move within six months to two years. He predicts that the Swiss, Belgians and Dutch will mark up their currencies by 4% to 5%, with smaller increases by the West Germans, French and Italians, and perhaps by the Austrians. The Japanese will also be under strong pressure to revalue the yen.

Technically, revaluations would leave the dollar's value where it has been since 1934, at \$35 per ounce of gold. Nevertheless, the change would amount to a backdoor devaluation of the dollar making it less valuable for the purchase of foreign goods and forcing U.S. tourists and businessmen to spend more for the same amount of foreign travel or investment. Still, many an American manufacturer would welcome revaluations because they would raise the price of imports into the U.S. and help American firms fight foreign competition in domestic markets. Conversely, revaluations should lower the price of U.S. products sold abroad, stimulate American exports and help to reduce the nation's chronic balance-of-payments deficit.

Common Currency. If the Common Market countries want to go further and create a Eurocurrency to rival the dollar, they will gradually have to give up much of their individual autonomy. For example, they would have to harmonize their policies that affect both inflation and economic growth rates. Ultimately, they would have to adopt a common tax system and jointly set national budgets. Having done all that the Common Market could expand its present customs union into a full economic and monetary confederation. Thereafter, member countries would no longer be able to finance government deficits (except with the consent of the confederation) in the old, easy way by expanding their money supply. Instead, deficits would have to be met by higher taxes or government borrowing from individuals.

The process would require ten years at best. The Werner report envisages proceeding by stages, beginning with an effort to narrow the allowable fluctuations in exchange rates of Common Market currencies from the present 14% to 1.2%. Nationalistic jealousies, or even a surge of inflation, could stall the effort. In their negotiations to enter the Common Market, however, Britain, Norway, Denmark and Ireland have accepted the concept of economic and monetary union. Europeans are increasingly convinced, says Triffin, that this may be the only way for them "to regain monetary sovereignty already lost to the U.S."

The non-Communist world may well evolve into two huge trading and currency areas, one based on Eurocurrency and the other based on the dollar. Eu-



ECONOMIST TRIFFIN



FRANCE'S GISCARD D'ESTAING
Monetary sovereignty by easy stages.

for gold any time that foreign governments wish to swap. Today the pledge is hollow because the U.S. gold stock is down to \$11.8 billion, while foreign central banks hold \$15.3 billion in U.S. money. If the nation were confronted by a big demand for conversions to gold, says Triffin, "everybody knows that we

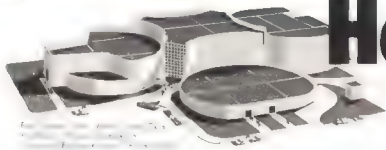
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ropean countries then would be able to refuse unwanted dollars without suffering painful consequences, because the resulting changes in exchange values would not disturb their trade with one another.

The prospective dethronement of the dollar does not greatly disturb the Nixon Administration. A European currency would further Nixon's goal of persuading other countries to bear more responsibility for global stability, if only because the steps necessary to create that currency would greatly increase Europe's economic efficiency. Fundamentally, a smaller role for the dollar fits the realities of a world in which the U.S. is no longer as dominant as it once was. "I am convinced," says Triffin, "that the Europeans mean business about creating a regional reserve currency. This is the beginning of a real revolution in the international status of the dollar."

INVESTMENT

The Rising Fourth Market

The one-room office of Donald J. Tomaso Associates, in an aging building on the fringe of Chicago's La Salle Street financial district, has three battered desks, one typewriter and a jumble of card files. From that dingy setting, Donald Tomaso, 36, handles some of the biggest stock deals in the U.S. Often talking simultaneously over two telephones—one connected to a buyer, the other to a seller—Tomaso arranges direct trades between large institutional investors. He is one of the handful of entrepreneurs who run the "fourth market," so named because it bypasses the three more conventional methods of trading securities: the stock exchanges, the over-the-counter market, and the market for listed stocks created by brokers who are not members of the exchanges.

On the Cheap. The fourth market is still in its infancy. Its volume last year equaled an estimated 2% of the \$60 billion of trades by institutions on the New York Stock Exchange. But it is growing fast enough to worry brokers and exchange officials, who are losing business to this new form of competition. The fourth market offers two allurements. First, all trades are secret, which enables would-be sellers to avoid a quick price drop that sometimes develops when word of a large offering percolates through the financial community. Second, institutions avoid the large brokerage commissions that the exchanges require. Most of Tomaso's 78 customers—mutual funds, insurance companies, banks, university endowment funds—pay him only 25¢ per share traded, up to a maximum of \$10,000 a year. Thus, after a client has traded 40,000 shares, he gets a free ride. By comparison, one sale of

40,000 shares of a \$50 stock on the Big Board costs \$11,360.

Tomaso, a former brokerage-house executive, started his business four years ago with only \$15,000 capital, half of which he spent on traveling around the U.S. to sell his idea. "People laughed at me," he recalls. But after seven weeks of visiting and calling around to institutions, he arranged his first trade, 48,000 shares of Zenith Radio for \$3,264,000. Now Tomaso or his 24-year-old assistant phone all of the firm's clients each morning, asking what stocks they want to buy or sell. When he hits a set of matching intentions, Tomaso calls back and—without revealing the identity of the seller to the buyer—tries to close a deal. The price is usually based on the most recent transaction on the exchanges. Last year, says Tomaso, he han-



TRADER TOMASO AT WORK

A challenge to the establishment.

dled some \$350 million worth of stock deals, enough to put his pretax earnings well into six figures.

Naturally, such easy profit has attracted competitors. Among them are two former executives of the floundering brokerage house of Kleiner, Bell, The pair, Robert Brandt, 43, and Barry Zwick, 35, formed a fourth-market firm in Los Angeles in August. Operating in much the same way as Tomaso, they made four deals in their first month enough to bring a small profit. "Everyone thinks he is the only one trading in the fourth market," says Brandt. "Soon people will find out everybody is doing it."

The most elaborate fourth market enterprise, Manhattan's Institutional Networks Corp., or "Instinet," enables clients to trade stocks over a private network of teletype machines linked to a computer. A client can consult Instinet's "offer file" for any of 1,550 stocks by

punching keys on his teletype, which prints out a list. If a buyer spots an offer he wants, he can instruct the computer to connect him with a potential seller to dicker over the terms. To preserve the coveted anonymity, both parties are identified only by coded numbers. A deal is closed when a trader pushes the teletype's "accept" button. Instinet began operating last December and this year its 25 subscribers (mostly banks) have made 500 trades involving 1,600,000 shares of stock. The fees often amount to only one-third of the commissions on the Big Board.

Questions of Secrecy. Despite its midsize, the fourth market challenges the established structure of the securities business and puts pressure on the exchanges to reduce their minimum commissions. The Securities and Exchange Commission has nourished the fourth market by urging institutions to trade stocks at the lowest possible cost. But stock exchange officials complain that off-the-board trading in listed securities tends to weaken the exchanges' auction market, on which all traders rely for prices.

Unlike transactions elsewhere, stock deals made in the fourth market are not subject to scrutiny by either the exchanges or the SEC. Says Donald Rex, president of Merrill Lynch: "I don't think it's fair to the small investor that institutions can do some things in the stock market that he can't do." It certainly does not seem fair that a listed stock can be actively traded without anybody knowing about it, except a few insiders.

These real or potential dangers might seem to call for new SEC regulations. Yet the fourth market is only a small part of a complex question: What changes should be made in the markets to cope with the great rise in institutional trading? By year's end the SEC is due to publish a long awaited report on this touchy subject. If direct trading in stocks is to be put under controls, it makes sense to adopt them only as part of a large overhaul of SEC rules.

AUTOS

American's Moment of Truth

At a recent assessment of the nation's social unrest, American Motors officials decided that it was no time to be selling a car called Rebel, as it had been doing. The company's marketing men conducted many expensive consumer-research polls and found a new name for A.M.C.'s intermediate model Matador, which the studies found meant virility and excitement to consumers. Last week A.M.C. introduced its Matador in Puerto Rico—and ran right into language trouble. Matador, it turns out, is the Spanish word for killer, hardly a good selling point. In an editorial, the daily *San Juan Star* asked: "We suppose that the name is an unfortunate choice" for Puerto Rico, which has "an unusually high traffic fatality rate."

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- IMPORTANT:** In order to be eligible for a prize, you must also write your prediction of the Most Valuable Player on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left hand corner.
- Submit as many entries as you wish, but not more than one entry.
- All entries must be postmarked by December 12, 1972 and received by no later than December 13, 1972.
- All prizes will be awarded in random drawings selected from all correct entries received by the U.S. Postal Service, Inc. before the close of the contest. No prize will be awarded to anyone who enters the contest after the closing date. Prizes will be awarded by random drawings among the balance of contestants. Winner will be notified by mail and a prize will be sent to the winner. Winner must claim prize within 90 days of the closing date.
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Pre-teenagers jockey their prams for position in a Lauderdale Yacht Club racing regatta.

The youngest bloomin' sailors in the world set sail in Fort Lauderdale, the capital of boating

At the time most kids take up cycling, Fort Lauderdale youngsters are sailing prams or zooming outboards over its myriad waterways. Such are the nautical pleasures in this boating capital that scarcely an age escapes their appeal.

A multi-million-dollar collection of sleek yachts harbored in glamorous marinas is a sight to start mental propellers churning. When the urge to go boating arises, give in to it inexpensively. Just board a scenic-cruise

launch for a sail through palm-festooned lagoons. The price is nominal. The beauties you see are extravagant.

More than 165 miles of waterways vein the city and carry you past handsome island estates bursting with tropical foliage. Or rent a small power boat to go exploring.

Skim through Port Everglades to see stately ocean liners at dockside.

Slip out the inlet for snapper fishing, scuba diving or snorkeling over the bizarre coral reefs.

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Richard G. Bowers, C.L.U., (center) talking with New York Life President R. Manning Brown Jr. (left) and Chairman C. W. V. Meares

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New York Life joins with the entire business community in congratulating Dick Bowers on his election as President of the Million Dollar Round Table of the National Association of Life Underwriters.

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CINEMA



McGRATH OGGLING IN "DOWN THE ROAD"
Another victim of the rainbow.

Sound Sleeper

Like *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces* before it, *Goin' Down the Road* is one of the new "road" films in which a stretch of asphalt provides the metaphoric core. Pete (Doug McGrath) and his pal Joey (Paul Bradley) are two wistful roustabouts from the Canadian Maritime Provinces. With 30 hucks and an abused Chevrolet labeled "My Nova Scotia Home," they pick up and head for Toronto.

It is only a question of time before the yokels discover the rottenness of the Big Apple. Unskilled and inarticulate, they dream of opportunity, but the only jobs they can pick up are loading crates for \$80 a week. The only girls they can pick up are either imbecile or over eager—so much so that Joey gets one pregnant and marries her in a seizure of romantic guilt. The jobs evaporate; to survive, the trio becomes a *menage à trois*. The bad luck persists with the tenacity of winter. In lunatic desperation, the men commit a petty crime that escalates into violence. The only way out is the way west and once again the Nova Scotia Home consumes the miles.

In spirit, *Goin' Down the Road* is closer to the intimacies of *Mary* than to the paranoid swagger of *Easy Rider*. It is weakest when its score laments "just another victim of the rainbow." It is persuasive and forceful when it studies the social pathology of urban outpatients men who chivy and moon, boasting of the rural splendors that they once fled dreaming of the Big Strike, and buying color television sets on time.

Canadian Director Donald Shebib, who made the film on the minute budget of \$82,000, has a sense of place that is as certain as his sense of mood and character. The metallic touch of downtown and the dolor of the prov-

CTW
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#3 **Beach**
Little, Brown and Company

ances are both conveyed with an empathy that requires no comment. If there are fewer dramatic crescendos, there are even fewer false notes. If there are crudities of editing, there is a delicate palette of local color. Like the scene from a window, the view is curtailed and cornered, but within the frame it is unblinking and whole.

Canadian film has become a connoisseur's delight. But like its best actresses—Geneviève Bujold, Joanna Shimkus, Margot Kidder—it can no longer be contained at the border. If Shebib can make a polished sleeper for less than one-twentieth the cost of, say, *Getting Straight*, what could he do with \$2,000,000? If there is any justice in the film world (or any astute Hollywood money), the answer to that question should be forthcoming soon.

—Stefan Kanfer

Soap-Opera Oedipus

At one time or another, nearly every college sophomore has clapped his roommate on the shoulder and said: "C'mon, Oedipus, she's old enough to be your mother." Or greeted a sleepy-eyed coed at a 9 a.m. classics lecture with a cheery "Morning doesn't he, comz you, Electra." Jeune jeus, to be sure, but they reflect post-Freudian man's easy familiarity with once intricate Sophoclean themes. If familiarity does not always breed contempt, it often produces apathy.

That is precisely the reaction provoked by *I Never Sang for My Father*. Author Robert Anderson's self-indulgent Broadway play, Director Gilbert Cates moves Anderson's characters with soap-opera mawkishness through father-son conflicts that are no less tiresome for their undeniable reality. Tom Garison (Melvyn Douglas) is a Westchester County octogenarian Babbitt who fulminates against "some damned savage who will walk off with the luggage" at Kennedy Airport and complains to a fellow Rotarian about "some bozo who has been crowding into our pew at church." As a child he worshiped his mother and despised his father; naturally his middle-aged son (Gene Hackman) feels the same way. The two clash openly—and obviously—when Gene's garden-club-variety mother dies. Sensitive son mourns while boorish father frets over casket prices and answers sympathy notes with the oft-told tale of his fiscal success in the brass business. Soon the daughter (Estelle Parsons), banished to Chicago for marrying a Jew, arrives for the funeral and winds up giving Gene a lecture on castrating fathers. After much simplistic agonizing, Gene finally delivers the ritual I-wanted-to-love-you valedictory and breaks out of the old man's brass grip.

Nothing could have saved Anderson's platitudinous script, but Douglas makes an admirable try. He manages to transform a wholly unsympathetic curmudgeon into an object of reluctant but gen-

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■ Mark Goodman

Hawg-Tied and Saddle Sore

Chet: Mary and I are gonna get married.

Monte: How's that gonna work out you hein' a cowboy?

Chet: I'm gonna be a hardware man.

Monte: You gonna live in town?

Chet: Nobody gets to be a cowboy forever.


Dang right, pardner. Not even the re-jouitable Lee Marvin, sadly cast in the title role of *Monte Walsh*. He and Chet (Lukas Palanca) amble vaguely across Southwestern cattle country, swapping hand-rolled cigarettes and saddle-sore licks that would make a dogie bleat in anguish. Screenwriters Lukas Heller and David Goodman apparently drew their ideas from *The Misfits* and *The Wild Bunch* and hawg-tied them with early Zane Grey dialogue. The resulting wrangle is a tale of aging cowpokes in a changing West that ain't worth the price of a good branding iron.

In classic westerns, the Bad Guys were easily recognizable by their black hats. Here they are unseen Eastern accountants, identified as bad because they call money "capital." The banks have taken over one of the last of the big spreads, and Monte and Chet hire on for want of more respectable work. Chet eventually gives it all up to wed the hardware-store widow, but Monte won't relinquish his ways even for the golden-hearted, dross-tongued whore (Jeanne Moreau) he loves. By the time the film ends, just about everyone has been killed off except Marvin and Director William Fraker, who might well have been the first target.

■ M G



MOREAU & MARVIN IN "WALSH"
Dogies would bleat in anguish.



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BOOKS

That Consuming Hunger

THE EDIBLE WOMAN by Margaret Atwood 281 pages Atlantic-Little, Brown \$5.95

PROCEDURES FOR UNDERGROUND by Margaret Atwood 79 pages Atlantic-Little, Brown \$4.75

"Sensibility" is the word of faint praise that customarily damns women novelists. Yes, they do manage their little nuances so well—those pale violet insights into rather unimportant feelings. Nice sense of humor, too—this side of real bite, though. Still, no man can match them at describing parties—if that's what one really wants in a story. Will women writers, in other words,

DEEPA DAVE



MARGARET ATWOOD

A bite from the new sensibility.

ever live down one of the world's most overanthologized short stories. Katherina Mansfield's *The Garden Party*? Sensibility incarnate!

In her remarkable first novel, the Canadian poet Margaret Atwood, 30, might appear to be safely in the Mansfield tradition, role-playing at Woman Writer—"capital W, capital W" as Mary McCarthy has bitterly remarked. On its deceptive surface, *The Edible Woman* can be mistaken for an airy little comedy about a girl who works for a consumer-research company while resolving to marry a humorless young lawyer, too Mr. Right to be true.

Quietly Awful. But reader, beware! Behind this quiet, well-taught *Garden Party*-girl behavior, Atwood conceals the kick of a perfume bottle converted into a Molotov cocktail. She is one of the new sisterhood—like Novelist Joan Didion and Poet Anne Sexton—who seem to have sprung full-grown from condemned-property dollhouses. Hyper-observant, dangerously polite wiffs, they look at the world with large, bruised

eyes and gently whisper of loneliness, emptiness and casual cruelty.

Novelist Atwood's quietly awful vision is summed up in a throwaway line: "Hunger is more basic than love," she murmurs in a bizarre aside. "Florence Nightingale was a cannibal." Amid the situation-comedy ordinariness of her life, Marian, the title character of *The Edible Woman*, suddenly finds herself in a very unfunny predicament. People are trying to eat her up. Her employers feed upon her energy, her fiancé feeds upon her sexuality.

Sickened at discovering that all life is a form of cannibalism, Marian gives up eating meat—and finally gives up eating altogether. Even cake comes to feel "cellular against her tongue, like the hursting of thousands of tiny lungs."

At this point, *The Edible Woman* assumes the force of a banal dream that has turned, without the dreamer's quite noticing, into a nightmare. The metaphor of cannibalism takes over until all the characters appear as predators. The only hope allowed Marian at the end: if she becomes a consumer again herself, life may appear "normal" to her once more.

Glacier's Edge. Nothing so simple will make life appear normal to her author. In her fourth published volume of poems, *Procedures for Underground*, Atwood compresses to an even more tactile intensity the panic that beats through her novel. Others may see evolution as a reasonably deserved survival of the fittest. Her gift, and her curse, is to see the universe as one living creature that survives only by devouring parts of itself. Even the cord of an electric typewriter can seem organic—a "hungry plug drinking a sinister transfusion."

Primeval isolation, a selfhood that is a mystery most of all to oneself, an animal sense of mortality—these are the terrors Miss Atwood has to offer. Technology, social sophistication, are transparent pretenses behind which man is naked, with drooling fang and club at the ready. Dealing in the artifices of well-made verse and well-made novel, she convincingly suggests that the overcivilized and the barbarous are one. Yet the Atwood message is beyond formulated pessimism: it has the rhythmic cycling of hope and despair natural to life itself. A lyricism as honest as a blade of grass in a boulder's crack keeps thrashing through. And so marriage, under the loughest scrutiny by Atwood the novelist, eventually is seen by Atwood the poet as "the edge of the receding glacier" where we crouch—

where painfully and with wonder
at having survived even
this far
we are learning to make fire.

Which may be just about as far as the new sensibility can go.

—Melvin Maddocks

Hating the Hate Machine

DANCE THE EAGLE TO SLEEP by Marge Piercy 232 pages Doubleday \$5.95

Marge Piercy looks young and round and pretty and has a head full of flying bricks, and anyone who wants to learn what the revolution against the fat society is all about should read her novels. Those not beguiled by the revolution should read her novels anyway.

In *Dance the Eagle to Sleep*, her second novel, she follows the stress lines of U.S. society a few years into a bleak future. A very few years, because in the book's untroubled beginning it is not clear that anything has changed. The author introduces Shawn, an 18-year-old prep school senior who is a hugely successful rock singer: "In classes just enough juice flowed to light a few cir-

ROBERT S. CLARK



MARGE PIERCY

A head full of flying bricks.

cuits, but when he was working with the group every switch turned on." Lucky Shawn. Recording profits turn into trust funds as he rides easy with the groupies and crows his amplified cock-a-doodle

Well, girl, you put me down
Cause you don't know who I am
Behind these glasses and this nose
Look out! Stand back! Hold on! It's
CAPTAIN WHAM!

I'm the shocking electric man
Just let me at your socket
Baby I got the juice to turn you on

Bucking the System. The author has more on her mind, however, than jolting readers with not-so-mock rock lyrics. A reference is made to a time when "the Army shelled Bedford-Stuyvesant when the president has announced his policy of 'limited disciplinary retaliation' for uprisings." Shawn glooms about "the Nineteenth Year of Service" that hangs over his future. This scheme means 18 months in uniform for every 19-year-old, male and female. The Nineteenth Year was sold to the public as a liberal mea-



"Five hogsheds of ale, eight beebes on the hoof, and fourteen pounds sterling..."

Time was when a fellow felt lucky if a lifetime of loyal service was appreciated and rewarded. (And if it wasn't appreciated, he'd better not ask for the reward.)

But these days the shoe is on the other foot. Most people have come to

expect their employers to offer them not only pensions, but other group programs as well. And most employers—big or small—provide them in order to attract and to keep good people.

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sure, because young pacifists were given a chance to serve in the pollution control corps instead of the Army. But its real purpose is to choke off the youth revolution, and for two years it has done so.

When Shawn turns 19, he is attached to the Youth Services Bureau. He plays concerts, persuades other captive kids to groove on the state. Full of self-contempt, he deserts and is caught then stockaded. He is now radicalized.

The revolution is reforming despite the Nineteenth Year. Other combatants are introduced. Corey dreams of striding into school "cool and easy" some morning with the rifle on his back like a guerrilla fighter. Line up the faculty. Torture the principal to learn where they keep the anxiety gases and the chemicals they put in the soup to make the kids stupid and passive. Corey sells pot, "for the money and the style and to buck the system." He is part Indian. He seizes his high school, holds it for four days, then escapes and forms a tribe of revolutionists who think of themselves as Indians. Their purpose is to recapture their country.

One of his recruits is Billy, a brilliant student who once volunteered to tutor a slow-reading black pupil named Joe. Gradually he comes to realize that he is merely coaching Joe up to the level where the Army can use him. Billy, who will be used himself—he will serve the state as a scientist if he stays straight—joins the Indians instead.

So does Joanna, a skinny 17-year-old running away from what she calls the "hate machine"—middle-class society—in hopes of finding a place where people were gentle to each other, didn't bug each other, shared what they had, shared their food and their bodies and their music and their space and their kicks. She would not grab at anybody or let anybody grab at her. When mostly wanted to take some man turn him into a house and go sit in it.

No Adults. The author, who promises to become the Kate Millett of fiction, attacks the hate machine by mirroring it in the disgust of the young. Adults are simply not considered. Parents are written off with a few contemptuous words.

His father was a pale gray drug. He watched television and it spoke to him. But through the hundred-page section in which she sets her characters in motion there's absolutely no voice in Marge Piercy's control. The portraits of the four revolutionists show the anatomy of their disaffection, beyond the need for any further words. Whatever the reader's political persuasions, the novel's protagonist will stay far a long while in his mind. *Dark as the Levee Veils* bears a strong family resemblance, in kind and quality, to William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* and to Anthony Burgess's *The Clockwork Orange*. It would be no surprise to see it become, like these others, a totem and legend of the young.

—John Shaw



MURIEL SPARK

Murderers do not grow on trees.

A Whydunnit in Q-Sharp Major

THE DRIVER'S SEAT by Muriel Spark. 117 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Muriel Spark's tenth novel is a portrait of insanity nearly as stark as madness itself. The heroine is Lise, a 34-year-old spinster who has worked in the same office in a North European city for 16 years. Having bought herself an ugly traveling outfit, she sets out for an unnamed southland ostensibly for a vacation, but really to find someone willing to kill her.

Like much of Spark's writing, *The Driver's Seat* has some of the elements of a thriller, but there is no real suspense. In fact, the book is like the paperback Lise carries around with her, which she describes as "a whydunnit in q-sharp major." The reader knows that Lise is crazy from the moment she stalks out of a shop because the salesgirl has told her the preposterous garment she wants is "stain-resistant." The fact that she will be stabbed to death is announced portentously on page 25.

Out of Hand. Part of the book's weird fascination lies in the problem of just how she will achieve her goal—after all, even today, murderers do not grow on trees. There is also the relentless Spark humor. In the erratic course of her last day, Lise is befriended by two other freaks who provide the author with a pretext to mock the latest fashions in absurdity. The prize example is a young man named Bill who prattles about Yin and Yang and follows a lunatic regimen that calls for three urinations and one orgasm daily.

Later, Lise meets an ancient Nova Scotian lady who is perhaps the ul-

timate exponent of Women's Lib. "The male sex is getting out of hand," she says. "Perfume, jewellery, hair down to their shoulders, and I'm not talking about the ones who were born like that. If God had intended them to be as good as us he wouldn't have made them different from us to the naked eye. If we don't look lively, they will be taking over the homes and the children."

The story is built with brisk prose. Little is told about Lise's earlier life, but she hints at the source of her tragedy in the only moment when her resolve wavers: "I want to go back home and feel all that lonely grief again. I miss it so much already." She recovers her imbalance quickly. She has been life's victim long enough. By deciding to die violently, she has achieved the illusion of control over her own fate.

Textbook Psychosis. Muriel Spark has written another riveting small novel that displays her elliptical style and uncanny control of an abruptly shifting narrative. As always, too, she is something of a conundrum. Critics have likened her to writers as varied as Isak Dinesen and Evelyn Waugh. Normally confident commentators grope helplessly to describe the seductions of her stories, citing her wit, her urbanity, her Roman Catholic convictions.

It may be that this time Mrs. Spark herself has succumbed to the powers of her prose. Despite her sheer skill and concision—or perhaps because of them—the book is too schematic. It also seems a rather self-consciously "modern" novel. Though the author's descriptive grasp of madness is frightening, Lise appears to suffer from an almost textbook urban psychosis. She is set about with a clutter of literary devices: the contrast between the repressed North and the chaotic South, the carefully anonymous settings, the intrusive hints that Lise is either like a street whore or a bride on her way to a blood wedding. Lise has, in effect, created and populated her own demonic world, but the author has externalized it for her rather too efficiently.

■ Martha Duffy

On the Rack

THE WHEEL OF LOVE AND OTHER STORIES by Joyce Carol Oates. 440 pages. Vanguard. \$6.95.

Oates people are among the most painful characters in contemporary American fiction. Some are dullards entranced by chilling fogs of unsorted emotions who stumble into disaster and violence. Some are lovers whose needs are more alive than their satisfactions. Precocious youths and intelligent adults are driven to madness and suicide by the cruel clarity of their perceptions. There are also the survivors who have learned to stay afloat by discarding their vitality.

Often, Joyce Carol Oates' creations suggest 19th century romantic novels: a Tolstoy heroine tuned to the breaking point over the frets of love, a Dos-

toevsky soul glutton, a Stendhal glory hound. The settings, however, are strictly 20th century American, illuminated by sheets of cold neon. Urban infestations where "taxes are rising and the tax base is falling," suburbs that miraculously exist for hours without the visible presence of human life, transitional neighborhoods where elderly holdouts keep their white elephants alive by secretly feeding them boarders.

Without exception, the stories in this collection unspool into a world of loneliness, yearning and blood. Auto crashes seem to be fatefully programmed into the character of the victims. A girl imagines the Southwest as an optical illusion of sunshine and sand divided by highways. The designs of small animals are mashed into the hot roadway, "run over again and again by big trucks and retired people seeing America."

A number of these stories are haunted by people who have difficulty feeling as real as the objects that surround them. They feel the emotion of emotion's lack, a heaviness that Miss Oates conveys with the same compassionate talent that helped make her novel *Them* last year's National Book Award winner.

But she is at her best when indulging an obsession with characters whose bodies are inhabited by insatiable demons. Nadia, of the title story, hungers to be more than herself. "If I have to be just one person," she tells her husband, "I'll kill myself." She does, and her husband is left to reflect on her not as a woman he loved without tenderness but as a natural element that he needed for his own survival. And the reader is left to reflect too. About the emptiness and boredom that addicts some people to the idea of leading serial lives, about the consumer culture that feeds the idea with fantasies, and about the society that provides the opportunities to realize those fantasies—for better or worse.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The Crystal Cave, Stewart (2)
3. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (3)
4. The Secret Woman, Holt (4)
5. God Is an Englishman, Delderfield (5)
6. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (6)
7. Colico Palace, Bristow (7)
8. The Child from the Sea, Goudge (8)
9. The Green Man, Amis (9)
10. Baby, It's Cold Inside, Perelman (10)

NONFICTION

1. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (1)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (2)
3. Inside the Third Reich, Speer (3)
4. Body Language, Fast (4)
5. Future Shock, Toffler (5)
6. Ball Four, Bouton (6)
7. Zelda, Milford (7)
8. The Wall Street Jungle, Noy (8)
9. Sexual Politics, Millett (9)
10. Up the Organization, Townsend (10)

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was not something to look forward to."

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The *Touchmatic* also prints a small ad beside the postage. Henry designed it himself and is pleased that "it's proved to be quite an attention-getter." It reads: "We keep America beautiful—do you?"

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